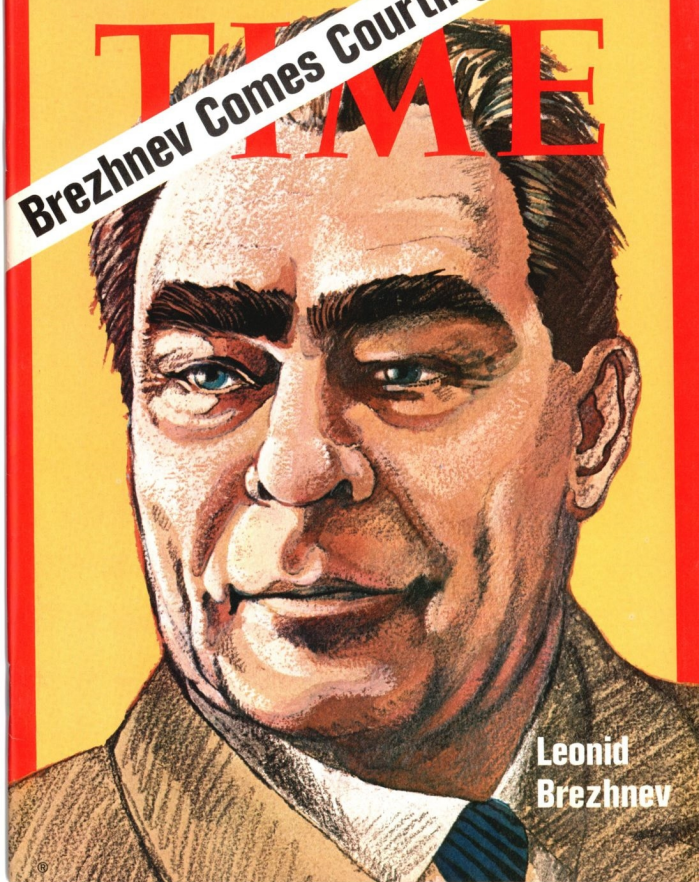


FIFTY CENTS

JUNE 25, 1973

**Brezhnev Comes Courting**

**TIME**



**Leonid  
Brezhnev**



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## A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The lot of our Moscow bureau chief is rarely an easy one. Bureaucracy and secretiveness often combine to make the Soviet Union a journalist's despair. But for John Shaw, Russia simply presents the best sort of reportorial challenge: "The KGB agents who sometimes follow you, the Soviet officials who often want your opinions, the visiting scholars who call with questions, all symbolize in their way the unique position of the foreign correspondent in Moscow," he says. "There are always two levels to Moscow life. One evening you may entertain a couple of editors of a party paper, the next a group of dissenting intellectuals. A lavish lunch with an official and a cold supper with the family of a political prisoner are part of the correspondent's regular range here."

Shaw's view of Moscow includes a watch on his neighbor Soviet Leader Leonid Brezhnev, who has an apartment a block away in the Kutzovskoy Prospekt. Almost every day for the past 18 months, Shaw and Brezhnev have passed briefly on their block—Shaw walking to the TIME bureau, Brezhnev speeding to work in his black limousine.



SHAW AT MOSCOW INTERVIEW

For this week's cover story, Shaw once again watched Brezhnev go to work and then followed him, along with ten other newsmen, for a 3-hr. 20-min. interview, the first ever between the 66-year-old Soviet leader and American reporters. Shaw also analyzed the diplomatic, political and economic climate in Moscow on the eve of the second U.S.-Soviet summit in less than 13 months.

Contributing Editor Marguerite Johnson, who wrote the cover story, remembers her stay in Moscow's massive glass and aluminum Rossia Hotel during a Russian trip two years ago: "It was often filled with Soviet technocrats then," she recalls, "but I couldn't help feeling that someone had a grander vision in mind."

Meanwhile, from Washington, Correspondent William Mader described the policies leading to the summit, the details of Brezhnev's itinerary and the likely outcome of the meeting. One surprise for Mader was an invitation to lunch from three Russian diplomats who had once worked in the Soviet embassy in Washington and had returned as part of Brezhnev's advance team. Perhaps inadvertently applying Russia's policy line to the choice of a restaurant, one Russian told Mader: "Let's not go to a French restaurant. Let's leave the French out of this. Let's find an American place." They did, and all had steak for lunch.

*Ralph P. Davidson*

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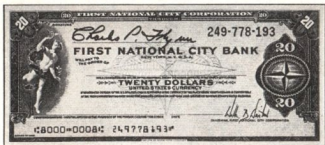
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**First National City Travelers Checks.**

There were more cuts on my face than on my records...

# "Good-bye NICK"

My name is Tim Wheeler. I started singing for free beer, then the General discovered me and I was asked to sing at a concert at the foot of Mount Rushmore.

My songs talked of the quiet, peaceful life. But people were noticing the bandages on my face. I always nicked and cut myself when I shaved. People called me "Nick." There were more cuts on my face than on my records. The General called me out on the veranda. "Nick," he said. "They cancelled your appearance at Rushmore. I can't sell a peaceful singer who looks like his appearance at Madison Square Garden was a ten-rounder, instead of a concert. Good-Bye Nick."

On the bus for Atlanta I told a guy my story. From his cardboard satchel he took out a razor. "This is a Gillette Technomatic® razor," he said. "Instead of blades with sharp corners that can cut and nick your face, it has a continuous razor band all safely enclosed in a cartridge. And it's adjustable to your skin and beard, for a smooth, safe shave."

I bought a Gillette Technomatic, and got great shaves. I sang at the foot of Mount Rushmore, and it was all up from there.



With **Gillette TECHNOMATIC**  
it's good-bye Nick.

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## Nixon and National Security

Sir / If Mr. Nixon is saving us from the "Commies" as Joe Bananas of Milwaukee believes [May 28], how does Bananas explain the gift of our precious grain to the U.S.S.R.? Mr. Nixon is taking the bread out of our mouths to feed "our enemy."

One fantasy follows another in this never-ending nightmare of Watergate.

(MRS.) STELLA J. ABLOW  
Portola Valley, Calif.

Sir / President Nixon's recent admission that he authorized his staff to curb Watergate investigations for reasons of "national security" is the old red-herring tactic.

Political demagogues, Administration schemers and bureaucrat conspirators have been known to invoke "secret" reasons related to "Communist" threats and subversion, "national security" or "patriotic" defense of U.S. "honor" in order to cover their illegal or strictly political machinations.

Secrecy in our government has become an all too frequent refuge for scoundrels.

JAMES A. DONOVAN  
Colonel, U.S.M.C. (ret.)  
Atlanta

Sir / I believe that the safety of the country is more important than the methods used to scare out the malcontents, subversives, miscreants and madmen. Exposing shenanigans, militants, self-servers and pie-in-the-skyers must be done, no matter how or by whom.

SAM M. SCHNEIDER  
St. Louis

Sir / President Nixon's reason for the bugging and the hindering of personal liberties is national security. So was Big Brother's in Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

KATHLEEN A. PIERSONS  
Baltimore

Sir / Has "national security" now become what responsible citizens must fear?

M.D. ANDERSON  
Crofton, Md.

Sir / When McGovern began spouting the Communist line on Viet Nam, the possibility of Communist financing should have been investigated at once. If it turns out that President Nixon did not order surveillance of Watergate, he is guilty of treasonable negligence and should be impeached.

ROBERT C. LUMPKIN  
Pensacola Beach, Fla.

## Pregnant Women Deserve Credit

Sir / Re the article on credit discrimination against married women [June 4] and the question, "What if she becomes pregnant?"; as long as we live in an inflated economy, the imperative for a working-class woman to be employed outside the home will increase with each child that must be fed, clothed, educated and taken to the orthodontist. I can only hope for retirement after the last quarter's college tuition is paid for my youngest child. Leaving the work force was a luxury I could afford only before I became a mother.

CAROLYN FOUST  
Memphis

Sir / In your article on credit you suggest that my letter to the Carrolls "was a bit late as Chase already had turned the couple down." You failed to cite that part of my letter which read, "If you did go to a Chase





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You can be sure...if it's Westinghouse



AC 057P1D

## LETTERS

branch and got a negative response due to misinformation on the part of the branch officer, we certainly would appreciate knowing which branch it was so we can correct the problem immediately."

My letter was an honest attempt to rectify a possible mistake in judgment.

THOMAS A. HAYNE  
Senior Vice President  
Chase Manhattan Bank  
New York City

## Sex and Social Security

Sir / Your story "Romance and the Aged" [June 4] seems to imply that old folks are living in a sexual paradise. Perhaps some desire for kindness and companionship does influence these alliances. But basically, they are encouraged by the idea that the old lady has done no work for her Social Security, and it will be snatched away by the Government the moment she goes to the altar again.

MRS. YANCEY BELLISALL  
Fort Worth

Sir / I hope I live until:

1) Older couples can marry without having to see their Social Security checks decreased.

2) Older couples can marry without risking the danger of being shipped off to the funny farm by their prudish children.

3) Men and women can work and make money without having their Social Security checks decreased.

(MRS.) ANNICE INGRAM MASON  
Montgomery, Ala.

Sir / I believe that the solution to problems of old age, generation gaps, etc., is very simple—at least in part. If everyone over 35 would cultivate friendships with people ten or fifteen years younger, they would have lots of friends when they were old. The trouble is that most people stick to their own generation, and in later years most of their friends are dead.

ALLEN BROWN  
Boston

## Suburbia Heard From

Sir / Your book review of *Suburbia*, with photographs by Bill Owens [June 4], really got me. I put aside my TIME, went down to the family room of my suburban bi-level, poured a paper cup of Diet Rite, turned on the color TV, and tried to forget it!

LORETTA KRIPPNER  
Addison, Ill.

## Today's Honest Carnie

Sir / Re your article on our recent studies of the American carnival [May 28]: a major finding of our researches has been that the carnival world is rapidly changing and that crooked games and illegal activities are becoming quite rare. Like the circus before it, the carnival is turning largely a "Sunday school" operation. In any case, the vast majority of carnival personnel have little involvement in—and often great contempt for—the illegal activities that go on in carnivals.

MARCELLO TRUZZI  
Associate Professor of Sociology  
New College  
Sarasota, Fla.

## Aid to Private Schools

Sir / The myopia of those who, like the National Council of Churches, argue against tax credits for parents of nonpublic school

students [May 28], would be easier to accept if only these critics would acknowledge our support, through taxes, of the public-school systems we choose not to use.

Were we free of this obligation, perhaps the rest of society might have to make up the difference to support public schools.

MARTIN J. BUKOWSKI, M.D.  
Media, Pa.

Sir / Bravo for the National Council of Churches, which asked the Catholic hierarchy: "If Roman Catholics are not exerting themselves any more sacrificially than \$30 or \$40 per year per capita to keep their schools going, why should the rest of society make up the difference?"

Shame, however, on the council's two top leaders for reversing themselves and ordering a revision when the statement aroused such anger among Catholics!

ERIC M. STEEL

Brockport, N.Y.

## The Gladiators of Indy

Sir / The slaughter of the Indianapolis 500 [June 11] must end. Do we need this barbaric event that rivals the gladiatorial contests of Rome?

ROSEMARY BLOMEYER  
Peoria, Ill.

## Accepting the '60s

Sir / It is true. Activism is in retreat within America's "name brand" churches [May 28]. Denominations are retrenching. But to interpret the defeat of Eugene Carson Blake for Moderator of the United Presbyterian General Assembly as a repudiation of the '60s is to misunderstand. That same assembly deplored the continued bombing of Cambodia and Laos, supported the boycott of lettuce and grapes, and returned

the U.P. Church to the Consultation on Church Union. Marks of an era not wholly spent.

Why, then, did Activist-Ecumenist Blake lose? Because another candidate, Clinton Marsh, won. In contrast to Blake's understated style, Marsh's answers to questions rang with vigor and charisma.

What about Watergate and amnesty? Marsh: "Perhaps the former might teach the President something about the latter."

What of sexism in the church? Marsh:

"I suggest that women begin to realize their power and use it."

Owing to his own incisiveness and candor, and not to rejection of a great churchman, the Rev. Clinton M. Marsh is now honorary head of his denomination.

(THE REV.) KENT M. ORGAN  
College Hill Community Church  
Dayton

Sir / It was not the social objectives of the liberal Blake—the leaders but their *methods* that cost the church members and money. When conservative Presbyterians pleaded for a little more common sense and a little less grandstanding emotion in church policies, they were brushed aside by their liberal brethren. Bigotry comes in many forms; Presbyterian liberals managed to display one of its least attractive aspects, the "holier-than-thou" complex.

(MRS.) PATRICIA GUIDAS  
Wichita, Kans.

## Colorless Taste

Sir / The President of Sierra Leone's creation of a "Medal of the Mosquito" [May 21] because the pest kept the white man from permanently settling in his country prompts me to remind him that the mosquito quite happily infected white and black. It was the hated white man, however, who brought the cure for malaria to Sierra Leone and indeed to all of Africa. This cure was enjoyed by blacks as well.

P.R. DE KOCK  
Gwelo, Rhodesia

## The Way They Are

Sir / Thank you for your portrayal of gifted children [June 4] as the majority of them really are ("a thoroughly natural child," "he ran about the house and hurtled through the garden," "you can't do everything") and not as we usually see them depicted—in the last chapter in a book that includes the physically handicapped, the mentally retarded and the emotionally disturbed.

(MRS.) THELMA A. WATSON  
Rosemont, Pa.

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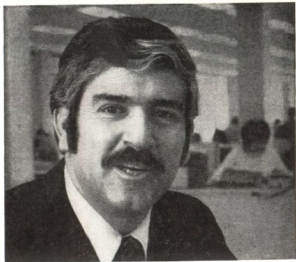
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Mrs. Frank LaClave  
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Ed Walsh  
Allstate Claim Adjuster  
Denver, Colo.

**"We were on vacation—  
parked in a Colorado town—  
when a car swerved and hit  
our open door. We headed  
for Allstate."**

**"Mr. Walsh sat on the phone  
for two hours trying to get  
us a new door. Finally he  
found a repair shop that got  
our door closed. We could  
finish our trip."**

**"It's hard to imagine that  
anyone would be that  
concerned about a couple  
of strangers walking in."**

**"All he did was save  
our vacation."**

**"The LaClaves couldn't get  
their door closed. They  
were a little upset."**

**"I enjoy helping out-of-town  
people."**

**"All I did was to give 'em  
what we call 'The Good  
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### AMERICAN NOTES

(Watergate Division)

#### A Man Alone

If, as President Nixon argues, he did not know until late March how thoroughly Watergate had tainted his Administration, it was largely because he had deliberately kept himself so many removes from reality. Now, in spite of the lesson of Watergate, a year after the case broke Nixon remains unwilling to emerge from the cocoon of his own making. He never watches television news programs, let alone the Watergate hearings—though he could argue that he cannot afford the time. Press reports are still passed up to him in summaries prepared by the White House staff. Moreover, aides who are openly critical continue to be unwelcome. John Connally is expected to resign largely because he feels he cannot be candid.

As he did the previous week, Nixon made a Friday foray out into carefully chosen country, this time Pekin, Ill. He delivered another tub-thumping speech about America and his accomplishments, and was rewarded with warm smiles and applause. But then it was off to his Key Biscayne retreat and an encapsulated atmosphere where it is just possible that Nixon still knows, and understands less about Watergate than the average American television viewer.

#### Healthy Fallout

Pressure for fuller campaign-finance disclosures has been building for years, prompted by ever fresh scandals and the ever-rising cost of the campaigns themselves. Now the rush of Watergate has broken a veritable log jam of pending state legislation, and new, stiffer legislation has been knocked hastily together.

Massachusetts legislators may pass a bill lowering the ceiling for individual contributions from \$3,000 to \$500. Vermont is considering a law that all state employees must disclose their financial interests, and Florida last month put new enforcement teeth into its already formidable "who gave it, who got it" election law, creating a bipartisan elections committee with the power to institute civil and criminal actions.

Illinois is expected to pass a campaign disclosure law after 1½ years of sitting on it. An Illinois Republican Representative says that ethics legislation, because of Watergate, has become "like motherhood—there is no way you can be against it."

#### On Candid Camera

Watergate has added a distinctly Orwellian tinge to the national atmosphere. With Big Brother not only watching but bugging and burglarizing, it is not hard to imagine a trend toward counterespionage of paranoid proportions. Future offices of public officials will no doubt be lined with lead to foil electronic snoopers; windows, even those high up, will be etched with sensor tape, attuned both to touch and long-range bugging beams; closed-circuit television sets will monitor every door and elevator, and squads of men in gumshoes will patrol rooftops.

Ridiculous? Never happen here? Well, those are the security measures recently undertaken in "redecorating" the Washington offices of Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox. Moreover, Big Brother, in the form of a continuously filming movie camera stationed across the street, keeps his unblinking eye focused on Cox's ninth-story windows.

#### A Judicious Choice?

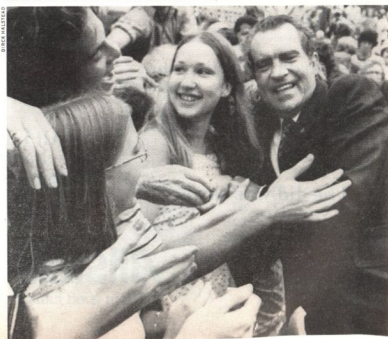
A judge, of all people, was once pressed to head the Administration's Intelligence Evaluation Committee. That was the shadowy group that some investigators believe carried out parts of the 1970 White House intelligence-gathering plan, which President Nixon

insists was scrapped because of J. Edgar Hoover's objections. John Ehrlichman made the pitch to an old friend, Morell E. Sharp, then a Washington Supreme Court justice and now a federal judge appointed by Nixon. According to Sharp, Ehrlichman told him that Nixon wanted the committee. So he took two "red-eye" flights from Seattle to the capital to discuss the formation of the I.E.C. Once he realized that the committee was to operate in secret, however, he refused the job. He did not want to have to evade questions "from my friends or the press about my activities," Sharp said last week. "I was not about to participate in any activity as indefinite as to goals and responsibility as this seemed to be." He added: "In retrospect, I made a wise choice."

#### For Sale

The Watergate controversy has not only driven people out of the White House, but is also driving them out of town—or at least perhaps to an altered standard of living. Nixon's two top former aides, H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, have put their houses up for sale. Ehrlichman has listed his six-bedroom suburban Virginia home at \$139,000. Haldeman has his Georgetown town house rented for the summer and listed for \$175,000. So far, neither man has given any indication about future plans.

PRESIDENT NIXON GREETING WELL-WISHERS IN PEKIN, ILL.





# High Noon at the Hearings

Precisely one year after the first Watergate arrests, the most pervasive of all U.S. political scandals reaches a pivotal and perhaps historic point this week. While President Nixon entertains the Soviet Union's Leonid Brezhnev in a visit symbolic of Nixon's loftiest accomplishments in office, most of the nation will be tuned with a mixture of fascination and fear to the televised words of John Wesley Dean III, who observed and participated in the worst of the Administration's illegality and misconduct. The words of Dean, the fired presidential counsel, may well determine whether the President will emerge from the Watergate tragedy totally crushed, severely crippled, or with a solid chance to regain some of his lost strength.

Dean's potentially fateful testimony is expected to occupy the entire week's hearings of the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Practices. He is scheduled to give an opening statement that may well take a full day, before the seven Senators question all of his allegations. Dean has vowed to tell for the first time everything he knows about the Administration's political espionage and the conspiracy to cover it up. In the process, he is expected to deeply damn his own actions. But his lawyers contend that what Dean knows will also directly implicate the President.

His credibility could hinge, of course, on whether he can substantiate some of his charges with evidence beyond his word. Otherwise, it might be a matter of John Dean's word against Richard Nixon's.

Each Senate committee witness meets privately with the committee staff in advance of his public testimony to discuss the main points he will make. Dean met with the staff last week, and committee officials and other sources provided this preview of what, in fact, Dean will say. Among other things Dean will claim:

- President Nixon had no advance knowledge, so far as Dean is aware, of the Watergate wiretapping plans.

- After the arrests at the Democratic headquarters last June 17, Nixon was deeply involved in the efforts to conceal any participation of White House and top Nixon re-election committee officials in the burglary and eavesdropping plans. Dean talked personally with Nixon about the cover-up many times.

- The President in one conversation with Dean agreed that \$1,000,000 could be made available for the arrested men to help keep them silent about the true origins of the project.

- The possibility of offering the arrested conspirators Executive clemency if they were convicted was dis-

cussed with the President by former White House aides John Ehrlichman and Charles W. Colson.

- Plans for the Watergate break-in and wiretapping were known in advance by former White House aides H.R. Haldeman, Gordon Strachan and, in Dean's belief, Colson.

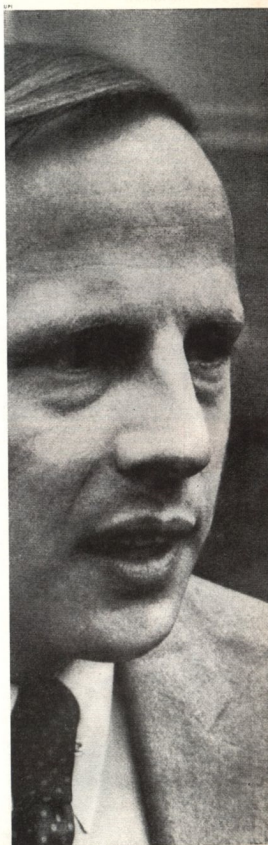
- Dean does not know whether Attorney General John Mitchell approved the Watergate wiretapping operation but contends that if he did so it was only under strong White House pressure originating with Haldeman. One wiretapping target, former Democratic National Chairman Larry O'Brien, was selected by the White House on the orders of Haldeman.

- Despite Nixon's past denials, the President ordered the 1971 burglary of a Los Angeles psychiatrist's office in search of information about Pentagon Papers Defendant Daniel Ellsberg—a burglary that contributed to dismissal of the case. Dean claims he was told this by Egil Krogh Jr., a member of the five-man White House "plumber" team assigned to plug news leaks.

In its four weeks of hearings, the Senate committee, chaired by North Carolina's wily Sam Ervin Jr., has carefully prepared for this climactic moment. The orderly progression of witnesses has moved from the naive young Nixon organizers who seemed genuinely betrayed by the unethical behavior of their superiors to those higher officials actually involved in the lies and deceptions. The stage for Dean's testimony was most directly and dramatically set last week by Jeb Stuart Magruder, the affable, intelligent former deputy director of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. Testifying briskly and matter-of-factly, Magruder portrayed Dean as a key figure in nearly every step of the Watergate planning and its concealment.

Magruder also conveyed a depressing climate of fear and frustration among the many Nixon associates who resorted to lawlessness in the belief that any means was justified to achieve the high purpose of re-electing Richard Nixon. Strangely, they seemed not to have enough confidence in their leader to entrust the free-flowing political processes of democratic government to return him to office.

Nervously tonguing Life Savers, but seemingly assured in his devastating details, Magruder openly admitted that earlier he had repeatedly lied to the FBI, the Watergate grand jury, and at the Washington trial of low-level defendants, to keep the scandal from touching the White House. But now, apparently remorseful as well as trapped by the crumbling of the whole conspiracy, he seemed entirely credible as he im-



JOHN W. DEAN III

## THE NATION

plicated men close to Nixon. They included:

**John Mitchell.** Magruder testified that the former Attorney General and head of the Nixon re-election committee attended three meetings at which the illegal espionage plans were discussed, finally gave an unenthusiastic but firm approval to the bugging of Democratic National Committee headquarters and also to plans never carried out to wiretap other Democratic offices. At the time he was considering these unlawful decisions Mitchell was the Attorney General of the U.S.—the highest lawman in the land. By the time Mitchell received the results of the Watergate burglary, in the form of photographs of Democratic documents and summaries

of telephone conversations, he was head of the re-election committee. He told Magruder and the bugging team's planner, G. Gordon Liddy, that he was dissatisfied with the reports. This led the Nixon committee's burglary team to the second—and disastrously bungled—break-in. After the Watergate arrests, Magruder claimed, Mitchell, who resigned from the committee almost at once, nevertheless played a major role in planning the cover-up activities, which included denials, false stories, and payoffs to the arrested men to keep quiet.

**John Dean.** According to Magruder, he attended two of the meetings with Mitchell and Magruder at which Liddy, the Nixon committee's legal

counsel, presented his illegal, even bizarre, espionage plans. After the arrests, including that of Liddy, Dean was at least as active as Mitchell in the cover-up efforts.

**H.R. Haldeman.** Magruder said he did not have any direct personal knowledge that Nixon's chief of staff, the highest-ranking aide in the White House, knew of the Watergate plans in advance. But he testified that he kept Haldeman's assistant, Gordon Strachan, fully informed about these plans, as well as of the cover-up operation, and since Strachan's role was as liaison between the Nixon committee and Haldeman, he "assumed" Haldeman knew about them. If not, Magruder said under questioning, Strachan was not performing

## How John Dean Came Center Stage

Late one week last March, John Wesley Dean III's telephone rang. It was the President calling with a friendly suggestion. Why didn't he take his pretty wife to Camp David for the weekend? They would have the place to themselves, and the counsel to the President could stay on to write his long-overdue report on Watergate. That was the report of the investigation that Dean had supposedly made seven months before—an investigation that, Nixon had told the nation in mid-campaign, showed no one then employed at the White House

was involved in the Watergate scandal.

John and Maureen ("Mo") Dean took the President up on his invitation for the weekend. But instead of relaxing during long walks in the piney woods, Dean thought about the carefully planned Watergate cover-up that was coming apart. Even worse, he suspected that he was marked out as the "fall guy." Finally, he sat down in the rustic cottage and began to write. As he later told a friend: "The pen wouldn't write the 'fairy tale' they wanted. It kept spelling out the truth." In despair, he threw down his pen and declared to Mo: "My dad once told me that when you're cornered, there's only one thing to do—tell the truth."

That must have been the hardest decision Dean ever made, for he had prized loyalty all of his life. At Virginia's Staunton Military Academy, he is best remembered not as an All-America backstroke but as having been extraordinarily willing to sacrifice himself for others. "Whatever helped the team was what he wanted to do," recalls his old swimming coach, Colonel Ed Dodge. "If I had to take John out of one event in which he excelled and put him in another where he didn't, he'd do it and never complain."

At every step in the 34-year-old Dean's brief career as a lawyer and Government official, associates recount similar experiences. Loyalty, in fact, is most often cited to explain his meteoric rise to counsel to the President—and his presence at the heart of the Watergate scandal. Since his precipitous fall from grace, however, other past colleagues have revealed glimpses of Dean's darker side. Some find him lacking in strong principles; others consider him overwhelmed by ambition. Declares one rather caustically: "He's a good moth. He knows how to find the light."

Just what John Dean really is may become a little clearer this week during

his scheduled appearance before Senator Sam Ervin's Watergate committee. Despite all the publicity since he was fired from his White House job April 30, he has remained a shadowy figure. Through leaks and innuendo, his enemies have tried to discredit his testimony in advance by describing him as a craven, cowering man who is testifying only to save himself from prison where he fears homosexual rape because of his blond-boyish good looks. Dean denies having such fears and has used his own attorneys and associates to portray himself as being interested only in getting the truth out. But first he demanded immunity from prosecution for what he says, and he slipped tidbits of information to various newspapers and magazines in an effort to win their support in his campaign.

Even before Watergate, Dean was hardly known outside the tight-knit circle of the White House staff. He shunned publicity, avoided controversy and cultivated a reputation of being one of Nixon's most faithful liege men. As presidential counsel, he worked out the legal basis for Nixon's impoundment of funds, broad use of pocket vetoes and Executive privilege. He also helped arrange Nixon's commutation of jail sentences being served by Teamster Boss Jimmy Hoffa (which was widely interpreted as a political gesture in return for Teamster support of Nixon in the election) and by Mafia *Capo* Angelo ("Gyp") DeCarlo. Nonetheless, Clark MacGregor, who headed the re-election committee after John Mitchell resigned, recalls Dean not as part of the power elite but as a "wall sitter"—one who carried out policy rather than helped make it.

Born in Akron, Dean was raised with his sister Anne in several Midwestern cities, as their father rose through the executive ranks of Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. Later the elder Dean settled in Greenville, Pa., where he became vice president of a company that manufactures playground equipment. At

JOHN DEAN WITH WIFE MAUREEN



AP/WIDEWORLD

his duties. Moreover, Magruder said that in January he personally told Haldeman the entire story of how Watergate was planned and how the cover-up was being carried out, including the fact that he, Magruder, was planning to commit perjury. Haldeman promptly denied Magruder's allegations.

While Magruder's story also implicated lesser Nixon associates such as Fred LaRue, Mitchell's deputy at the Nixon committee, and Robert Mardian, the committee's political coordinator, the testimony of Maurice Stans, former Commerce Secretary and Nixon's chief campaign fund raiser, tied in two other of the President's most intimate advisers: John Ehrlichman, former domestic affairs chief, and Herbert Kalmbach,

Nixon's dismissed personal attorney. Stans said he gave Kalmbach \$75,000 in cash for a "White House project" having "nothing to do with the campaign" and was told later by Kalmbach that this was payoff money for the Watergate defendants. Worried about the legality of the payments, Kalmbach told Stans that both Dean and Ehrlichman had assured him that the transaction was indeed legal.

The net of Watergate knowledge thus was drawing ever tighter around the men close to the President, but no one as yet had implicated him directly. Said Magruder: "As far as I know, at no point ... did the President have any knowledge of our errors in this matter. He had confidence in his aides, and I

must confess that some of us failed him." What Magruder's story made clear was that everything he and his fellow conspirators did was done in the earnest hope that their schemes would help and later protect Nixon.

## THE PLANS

For the first time, a specific goal of the puzzling and seemingly pointless Watergate bugging was explained. The aim, as Magruder described it, was to gather information that could be employed to "discredit" Larry O'Brien, then the Democratic national chairman, whose office was the target of burglary and bugging. Why? "He was certainly their [the Democrats'] most professional political operator. He could be very



DEAN AS SCHOOLBOY GOLFER ...



... AS COLLEGE SENIOR ...



... AS MILITARY SCHOOL CADET

Staunton, young John studied self-hypnotism to improve his concentration and roomed with Barry Goldwater Jr., who now is his neighbor in Alexandria, Va. Dean graduated with a low B average and got by at Colgate with gentlemanly C's before transferring to Ohio's College of Wooster in 1959. There he founded a student pre-law club, played the part of a redneck witness in a campus production of *Inherit the Wind* and wrote a senior thesis on "The Social Responsibilities of the Political Novelists." He earned a master's degree in public administration from American University in 1962 and his law degree from Georgetown in 1965.

He joined a Washington law firm, but his career as a practicing attorney ended sourly six months later. Assigned to help prepare a client's application for a new television station, Dean was discovered to be working on a rival application—for himself and some friends—and was fired. He was promptly hired as minority counsel for the House Judiciary Committee by its ranking Republican, Representative William McCulloch, who was both a fellow Ohioan and Wooster alumnus.

For two years, Dean concentrated on civil rights legislation and on criminal law reforms. In 1967 he became associate director of a now defunct panel (the National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Laws), which was

set up to advise Congress and the President. There he struck one colleague as courteous, pleasant to work with but somewhat facile. Recalled the colleague: "He gave the appearance of having more poise and assurance than he really possessed."

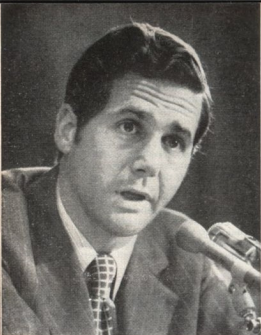
In 1969 Richard Kleindienst, who was then Deputy Attorney General, hired Dean as the Justice Department's liaison with Congress. As such, he was in charge of lobbying efforts for the ill-fated nominations of Clement Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell to the Supreme Court. His loyalty to the Administration so impressed senior White House staffers that he was hired to succeed John Ehrlichman as presidential counsel in 1970. In that job, Dean appeared to be a man of rigid principle, even when he was secretly helping to cover up Watergate. Once a junior staffer asked whether he could accept a \$200 honorarium for a speech. "No, sir," Dean declared. What if he turned the money over to his church? "No," Dean repeated. "Nobody on the White House staff is going to accept money for anything."

Undoubtedly, Dean's career was furthered by his good looks and his command of the social graces. Detractors also suggest he was helped along by his first marriage—to Karla Hennings, the daughter of the late Senator

Thomas C. Hennings of Missouri. She bore his son John IV, now 5, but the marriage ended in divorce three years ago. Last fall Dean married Maureen, a former insurance saleswoman from Los Angeles.

From the outset, John and Mo Dean maintained a low social profile in their \$70,000 brick town house on Quay Street in Alexandria's affluent Old Town section, just 200 yards from the Potomac. Now, of course, the profile is lower still. Occasionally, they eat out with the Goldwaters, who live across the street. One recent Saturday, another neighbor, Ervin Committee Member Lowell Weicker, dropped in for beer and pretzels. Before the worst of Watergate, the Deans played tennis and golf, swam and sailed their 18-ft. boat. Nattily dressed in broad-lapel suits and wide ties, Dean used to drive to work a purple Porsche 911 as highly polished as his shoes. Now he and Mo stay home. Although hidden from public view by drawn shades, he still looks tanned. The tan is inexplicable; he told a recent visitor: "I haven't been in the sun for days. I would call it a bourbon pallor; except I haven't had a drink for days either." For the most part, in these last weeks leading up to his climactic appearance before the Ervin committee, he has worked in his basement, putting his letters and other documents in order, preparing for his ordeal.





JEB STUART MAGRUDER

Escaping scapegoat time.

difficult in the coming campaign." O'Brien had been especially effective, Magruder said, in assailing the Administration's claim that politics had not influenced a favorable settlement of anti-trust cases against ITT. Mitchell was irate, according to Magruder, when the first break-in failed to link O'Brien with an alleged Democratic Convention kickback scheme involving a business exposition, which was proposed but never held.

While deplorable, that goal was not as wild as the eccentric Liddy's first espionage plans. Bearing a price tag of \$1,000,000 and supported by six elaborate organizational charts, they were presented by Liddy at a meeting with Mitchell, Dean and Magruder on Jan. 27, 1971. Magruder testified that Liddy wanted to kidnap radical leaders who might be tempted to disrupt the Republican National Convention and detain them "in a place like Mexico, and they would then be returned to this country at the end of the convention."

Liddy also proposed renting a yacht during the Democratic Convention in Miami Beach, using call girls to lure Democratic officials to it, "and having it set up for sound and photographs." Magruder said that he, Dean and the Attorney General all were "appalled" at Liddy's plans, mainly because of "the scope and size of the project." Mitchell turned it down, with characteristic understatement, as "unacceptable."

But Liddy was encouraged to work up more modest plans, and he presented these at a meeting of the same officials a week later. This time the projected cost was \$500,000. Kidnaping and call girls were dropped and the Democratic wiretapping targets discussed. Either Mitchell or Dean, Magruder said, also suggested trying to get some anti-Muskie information that might be in the

safe of Las Vegas Newspaper Publisher Hank Greenspun. Liddy was asked to see if a burglary of Greenspun's office was possible. (He later flew to Las Vegas, but the break-in was never carried out.) Mitchell still "did not feel comfortable" with the cost of Liddy's proposals, although again Liddy was encouraged to continue plotting.

It was at a third meeting, held in Key Biscayne on March 30, 1972, after Mitchell had become head of the Nixon committee, that Mitchell approved a scaled-down Liddy espionage plan costing \$250,000. Magruder testified. This meeting was attended only by Magruder, Mitchell and LaRue. The plans included three Democratic office targets. Magruder explained that it was "a reluctant decision," almost "a throw-away." Mitchell had merely said, in Magruder's paraphrase: "O.K., let's give him a quarter of a million dollars and let's see what he can come up with."

Pressed by the Ervin committee's Republican vice chairman, Howard Baker, Magruder explained that the reluctance to accept the plan stemmed from the fact that "it was illegal and it was inappropriate and it may not work."

Asked the incredulous Baker: "If you were concerned because the action was known to you to be illegal, because you thought it improper or unethical, that you thought the prospects for success were very meager and you doubted the reliability of Mr. Liddy, what on earth would it have taken to decide against that plan?"

Magruder: "Not very much, sir. I am sure that if I had fought vigorously against it, I think any of us could have

had that plan canceled. It was almost canceled."

Nevertheless, it was approved, Magruder continued, mainly because many of the Nixon aides had become frustrated in sticking to legal means while dealing with antiwar groups. Magruder thought these activists had been using illegal tactics in demonstrating against the war and were preventing the President from ending the war as quickly as he wished. Magruder explained that at Williams he had taken a course in ethics from the Rev. William Sloane Coffin Jr. (see box), and "he was quoted the other day as saying, 'Well, I guess Mr. Magruder failed my course in ethics,' and I think he is correct ... He tells me my ethics are bad. Yet he was indicted for criminal charges. He recommended on the Washington Monument grounds that students burn their draft cards and that we have mass demonstrations, shut down the city of Washington. Now here are ethical, legitimate people whom I respected. I respect Mr. Coffin tremendously ... We had become somewhat inured to using some activities that would help us in accomplishing what we thought was a legitimate cause."

Magruder conceded that he is now aware that this thinking "is absolutely incorrect: two wrongs do not make a right. I fully accept the responsibility of having made an absolutely disastrous decision, or at least having participated in it." Commented Baker: "A decision really that is going to affect history that was made in almost a casual way." Magruder: "Yes, sir."

Near the end of his testimony, Magruder said that he was "not going to

## The Coffin Course in Ethics

*Religion and Social Ethics: The types of ethical thought developed in the first semester will be applied to such problem areas of contemporary society as 1) race & racism; 2) sex & family; 3) economic ethics; 4) political ethics; 5) national ethics. These and similar problems will be studied by reading and analysis of such documents as Myrdal's An American Dilemma, various Papal Encyclicals, and statements of other religious bodies.*

Such was the catalogue description of one of the last courses Jeb Stuart Magruder took at Williams College. It was taught by William Sloane Coffin Jr., who became chaplain of Yale later that year. Ordinarily, courses of this kind are soon largely forgotten by student and teacher alike. But 15 years later, this one was injected into national politics. Under tight control for most of his testimony before the Ervin committee, Magruder grew momentarily impassioned when he recalled the experience.

He agreed with Coffin that, because of Watergate, he could be said to have failed the course. But he argued that Coffin's own antiwar activities helped him justify his misdeeds.

In the wake of Magruder's testimony, TIME Boston Bureau Chief Sandra Burton interviewed Coffin. The chaplain does not find Magruder's arguments persuasive and still flunks him on ethics. "There was not very much on civil disobedience in the ethics course I taught," he says, "so poor old Jeb never learned to tell the difference between civil disobedience and violations of the Constitution by the Administration."

He points out that at the placid Williams campus in the 1950s, there were no civil rights or antiwar protests to teach the meaning of ethics. "Values are not so much taught as caught. Without the experience it's pretty hard for the ethics to sink in. Your education is largely a game of intellectual volleyball. Magruder ended up lumping all law-



lay down and die" because of his participation in Watergate. "I think I will rehabilitate myself... and I hope to be able to live a useful life." Impressed, Ervin reminded Magruder of a poem reading: "Each night I burn the records of the day. At sunrise every soul is born again." And he told Magruder that he had "the greatest asset that any man can have—you have a wife who stands behind you in the shadows where the sun shines."

While Magruder expects to serve a brief prison term, he has already started a small marketing consultant firm and hopes to be able to support his wife Gail and their four children. Now that he has decided to tell the truth, his friends say, he seems more at ease, and feels that the worst for him may be past. Yet his experience is one of Watergate's many personal tragedies.

Through a career that included Army service in the Korean War, work with a Chicago management consultant firm, and the founding of two small cosmetics companies in Los Angeles, Magruder was described as "charming, a nice guy, anxious to please." As a Nixon political aide, Magruder "had a good feeling for publicity and advertising," said one associate, "but I wouldn't want him to analyze a major policy issue." That willingness to please and that inability to analyze may have been what led Magruder, and too many others in the Nixon campaign, to fall into the Watergate sinkhole.

#### THE COVER-UP

After the arrests at the Watergate a year ago, it was quickly learned by the Nixon committee's top officials that



HERBERT KALMBACH

*The net of knowledge was drawing ever tighter.*



ROBERT MARDIAN



CHARLES COLSON

the committee's security chief, James McCord, was one of the men arrested and that the men were carrying cash that could possibly be traced to the Nixon organization. This second break-in had been made to remedy malfunctioning eavesdropping equipment. Testified Magruder: "There was no question that the cover-up began that Saturday when we realized there was a break-in. I do not think there was ever any discussion that there would not be a cover-up." Why? Magruder said he thought that if it became known that anyone as high in the campaign as Mitchell was involved in the burglary plans "the President would lose the election."

Many meetings then took place to keep the true story from emerging. Magruder said the most frequent participants were Mitchell, Dean, LaRue and himself, with Mardian only a shade less active. The decision was made to make

it appear that Liddy had planned and directed the affair alone.

This involved two difficult general problems: 1) Explaining why Liddy was given some \$199,000 in Nixon committee funds if he was working only on legal advice to the committee, and 2) keeping the arrested men from revealing that higher officials actually had been involved.

The Liddy money problem was handled mainly by vastly exaggerating the cost of Liddy's actual legal activities and devising a false story that he had been given \$100,000 to recruit ten agents at \$1,000 a month each for ten months, to legally gather intelligence on Democratic candidates (presumably by attending political rallies, reporting on speeches, clipping newspapers). Magruder said he was coached on his cover-up testimony by Dean, Mardian and Mitchell before he first carried these lies to the Watergate grand jury.

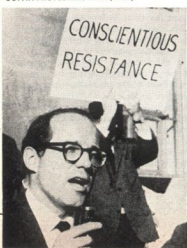
Then there was the second problem, that of paying salaries and attorneys' fees for the arrested men and holding out the possibility of Executive clemency if they were convicted. Magruder testified that he did not know who handled that task. But he said he knew that it was being done—and he asked Dean and Mitchell for the same deal for himself in return for his own false stories. He said they agreed.

Nevertheless, Magruder got nervous about whether everyone was standing behind all the lies when he had a meeting with Dean in December or January at which Dean's memory seemed to be failing. The Watergate grand jury was reconvening and Magruder felt that the cover stories might not survive another probe. Dean's vagueness indicated to Magruder that the conversation probably was being taped. "I thought that this maybe was becoming scapegoat time, and maybe I was going to be the scapegoat."

That was what led Magruder to go to Haldeman in January and tell "the true facts." Haldeman has told Ervin committee investigators that there never was such a meeting. Since both Magruder and Haldeman were under oath, the conflict could involve prosecution

breakers together. By that way of thinking, Jesus and Jimmy Hoffa are two of a kind. He has never examined the possibility that sometimes there is no way to test the constitutionality of a law except to disobey it. You could say that however pathetic our [antiwar] efforts were, we were trying to keep the nation under law or under God, whereas

#### COFFIN PROTESTING WAR (1967)



Jeb and his cohorts were trying to keep it under Nixon."

Although Magruder was only a middle student who did not do enough reading, Coffin says he was "very fond" of him. Indeed, he observes, "the real moral of this story may be that to do evil, you don't need to be a Bengal tiger. It is sufficient to be a tame tabby. That's the way I look at Jeb." Magruder used to babysit for him at Williams, and they had many talks. "He was charming, friendly and good company. But he was not tough inside. My line to him as to so many students in the 1950s was: 'You're a nice guy but not yet a good man. If you don't stand for something, you're apt to fall for nothing!'"

Teacher and pupil corresponded until 1968 when, says Coffin, "Jeb joined forces with Goldwater, and I guess he thought I must have given up on him." Watergate, Coffin believes, may finally have forced Magruder into an encounter with himself, and he would like to renew the correspondence. "It would be interesting for the two of us to sit down and talk again."

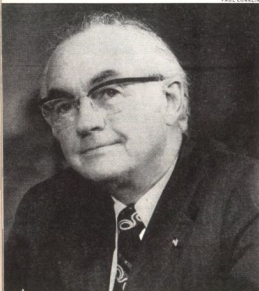
## THE NATION

for perjury. Another conflict with Haldeman testimony appears to be shaping up with his assistant, Gordon Strachan. The latter has told the same investigators that Haldeman was aware of the cover-up from its beginning and also had received the Magruder memos on Liddy's various espionage plans. Haldeman also denies this.

## THE FINANCING

The suave and dignified Maurice Stans, smiling thinly with veiled condescension at some of the Senators' rougher questions, had been the first new witness of the week, a sharp contrast to all the nervous, penitent young men who had appeared earlier. Stans portrayed himself as totally immersed in the problem of raising nearly \$50 mil-

PAUL CONNOR



**FUND RAISER MAURICE STANS**  
Worried about bumper stickers.

lion for the Nixon campaign, constantly opposing the runaway spending plans of the Nixon political committee, and totally frustrated at his inability to check this "overkill." He claimed complete ignorance of why Liddy, who had become his trusted finance committee counsel, was drawing so much cash—and even, until recently, of the amounts. Such bookkeeping matters, Stans claimed, were the responsibility of his finance committee treasurer, Hugh Sloan Jr.

While it is true that Stans well deserved the senatorial accolades as "the most effective money raiser for any political campaign in the history of the country" and was frantically busy soliciting money, several Ervin committee members seemed skeptical about the central point of his testimony. Could he really be isolated from the secret transfers of cash to finance the Watergate bugging and the expensive payoffs to defendants?

Georgia's stern Democratic Senator

Herman Talmadge produced a Stans memo warning his aides that accounts be kept on such relatively minor items as the sales of bumper stickers. Talmadge pointed out that Stans was not able to account in detail for the receipt of some \$750,000 and the expenditure of \$1,777,000—both in cash—and asked: "You are considered to be one of the most able certified accountants in America; why did you worry about bumper strips instead of those funds?" Replied Stans: "Well, Senator, the accounting for proceeds of sales of articles was an important responsibility under the statute."

One of the first signs of intense political tensions on the Senate committee flared after Ervin had caustically interrogated Stans about his admitted destruction of financial records shortly after the arrests at the Watergate. Ervin variously called this coincidence "queer" or "suspicious." Snapped Stans: "Mr. Chairman, the adjectives are yours."

Ervin also seized on a relatively minor matter: the allocation of some \$50,000 in Nixon campaign cash to a Maryland Republican group holding a dinner for Vice President Spiro Agnew. Stans said this money was given in cash so it could be mingled with the receipts from the dinner and make it appear that the affair was more successful than it was. That, said Ervin, was an attempt "to practice a deception on the general public as to the amount of honor that was paid to the Vice President." Agreeing, Stans replied: "I am not sure this is the first time that has happened in American politics." That led Ervin to retort solemnly: "You know, there has been murder and larceny in every generation, but that hasn't made murder meritorious or larceny legal."

A few moments later, Florida Republican Edward Gurney sharply protested: "I for one have not appreciated the harassment of this witness by the chairman. I think this Senate committee ought to act in fairness."

Smiling broadly, Ervin resorted to his folksy innocence: "Well, I am sorry that my distinguished friend from Florida does not approve of my method of examining the witness. I am an old country lawyer and I don't know the finer ways to do it. I just have to do it my way." The Senate Caucus Room broke into loud applause, before Republican Baker smoothly interrupted to divert attention from the argument and calm the committee mood. Yet as the stakes grow higher, more such partisan displays are certain to break out.

Those stakes will, of course, be immense this week. If Dean proves persuasive and, moreover, can document some of his charges about Presidential involvement, the demand for Nixon's resignation or impeachment undoubtedly will grow. On the other hand, if Nixon can ride out what John Dean has to say without great damage, he will have a good chance to survive in office.

## Watergate on TV:

Television, like history, has no precedent for Watergate. There have been other scandals and hearings—notably Estes Kefauver's crime probe of 1951 and the Army-McCarthy confrontation of 1954—but those took place before the epoch of the Living Room War and the three-set family. Yet even back in the '50s, when TV aerials decorated only half the American roofs, Joseph Welch, hero of the McCarthy hearings, warned: "Perhaps we should never televise a hearing until we are as completely adjusted to television as to our newspapers, until such time as no judge, no juror and no witness is appalled, dismayed or frightened by the camera, any more than by a reporter's notebook."

That day may have arrived, but at least one legal authority, Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox, apparently finds the camera awesome and troubling. So troubling that he sought to have part of the Watergate hearings closed to TV. It was not print reportage that he feared so much as the camera. Its special qualities of magnification, its instantaneous publicity, seemed to allow no chance for perspective. Witnesses can use it unscrupulously; events can be publicized out of proportion until, at last, justice itself may be undone. Klieg lights often throw more heat than illumination. Hearsay evidence can be spoken out of context. Mistakes cannot be edited on live TV. Even the most innocent cameraman can, at a tense moment, transform the zoom lens into a character assassin.

Yet it is easier to appreciate Senator Ervin's counterpoint. After a year of judicial sloth, he and his colleagues argued, television has actually accelerated justice. Facts that seemed irretrievable are now brought out in microsecond. Mystery figures are exposed as quite ordinary men. The conspiracy and cover-up no longer seem the work of shrewd political masterminds. Indeed, the figures on the screen are frightening not for their brilliant malevolence but because of their very ordinariness. They might be—and in some cases they were—the conspirators next door.

It is because of television's power that the Watergate hearings have perhaps served to mend, rather than rend the political and social fabric. To be sure, Senators are not above using the networks for publicity, but they have been scrupulous about the witnesses' rights and privileges—within the fairly loose rules of a Senate hearing. The witnesses, whether genuinely innocent, regretful or simply anxious to avoid the ultimate penalties, are only too ready to inform the world of past transgressions. The result of all this has been a

## Show Biz and Anguished Ritual

sense of assurance, a feeling that the country's temperature may yet return to normal.

As proof, the networks' switchboards no longer light up in protest against interrupted game shows and soap operas. Audiences have taken the advice of the *Miami Herald*, which recently admonished its readers: "This isn't the monotony you think it is. There is real excitement and drama in this continuing investigation. Lay that telephone down, pour yourself a cup of coffee and watch the real *Secret Storm*." Network officials believe that that storm is now attracting a steadily growing audience as the drama heightens, beginning with last week's appearance by Jeb

ton speculators have it, may be another drama: candidate for Vice President. No family is complete without its low-key philosopher. The part is flawlessly enacted by Herman Talmadge of Georgia, whose Mason-diction lines give credence to Mark Twain's observation: "Southerners have no use for an *r*." The supporting cast, a master stroke of ticket balancing, could populate a soap opera, western or detective series with equal skill. Among the audience favorites: Samuel Dash, a bright bald eagle in the great Jacob Javits tradition, who possesses a memory so phenomenal that he can correct the witness's recollection of dates and places; Lowell Weicker, the stolid patrician from Connecticut,

in times of crisis. Senator Ervin's tribute to Gail Magruder was more than a courtly Southern gentleman's acknowledgment of beauty; it was a signal that forgiveness was in the air. The Senate Select Committee hearings are not, after all, Perry Mason redivivus, complete with dueling attorneys, surprise witnesses and sudden breakdowns. They are, instead, a series of civics lessons, a price-less course in government. With their strong undertow of show business, they are also a drama reaching back to the ancient rites of man.

In past societies, theater allowed audiences to define themselves through the



SENATOR HOWARD BAKER JR.



GEORGIA'S HERMAN TALMADGE



WITNESS HUGH SLOAN JR. WITH WIFE



COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN SAM ERVIN

Stuart Magruder and continuing with this week's testimony by John Dean. Such campaign shibboleths as plumbiers and Gemstone have gained overnight currency. The testimony is peppered with quasi-legalistic phrases, designed to show both earnestness and precision, but sounding vaguely Einsteinian: "At this point in time," "Did there then come a time when..." And the characters are becoming a nationally familiar cast.

There has never been a grandfather figure quite like Senator Sam Ervin. His face is a cast in itself—the incongruously black eyebrows constantly reaching for the ceiling, the young eyes hiding in a face beyond age, the jowls and chins twitching with merriment or outrage. His apt biblical allusions, his dropped *g*'s and regionalisms ("Yo' thinkin' ... Yewnited States") are a happy antidote to Archie Bunkersisms.

Opposite this imposing septuagenarian, Senator Howard H. Baker Jr., 47, gives the impression of a leading man who has just come from musical comedy to his first dramatic role. Baker's style finds itself in the magisterial pause—possibly learned from his late father-in-law Senator Everett Dirksen—coupled with curious innocence ("What do you mean, 'a pretty good wireman'?" " "). His next show, Washing-

ton once a firm conservative supporter of the Administration, now one of its most eloquent detractors; and Daniel Inouye, the one-armed Hawaiian war hero whose mask of stoicism cannot quite hide the sense of humor that keeps peeking out from behind his horn-rimmed spectacles.

Still, these are characters, not conflict. It is the other side of the inquiry that commands most of the attention and provides the true drama. Some of the witnesses have introduced an aura of science fiction. The close-cropped, superpolite male ingenues, Herbert Porter and Hugh Sloan Jr., seemed open-faced children of the '50s miraculously transported to the present. Assassinations, riots, urban crises, political and social unrest—all seem to have passed over or under them, as if, perhaps, they had never owned television sets. Their appearances prompted Historian Irving Kristol to report the ironic wail of a conservative: "If only they had longer hair!" The more mature witnesses caused additional cries: Maurice Stans and Magruder were equally unruffled and well groomed. In some cases, the witnesses were accompanied by their attractive, equally open-faced wives, who patiently sat a row or two behind their husbands in the hearing room, testimony to the unity of the American family

acts of classic tragedy. In this century, films have sometimes assumed that function. Today, television seems to be rising to the role. Despite the unemotional statements of the witnesses, Watergate televised is anguished ritual and moral tragedy. It has its *longueurs*, and not all the questions are brief, cogent or acute; some of the Senators are intent on using their allotted time beyond real need. Still, each day brings new revelations and confirms old suspicions; each day creates a community of numb bystanders who will not be free until the last act is done.

It will be the print journalists' and historians' task to review and criticize that final act—and the play that preceded it. It is television's job to provide the stage. It has done that job admirably. As of now, the country can only be grateful, and the wisest political seer can do no more than mouth five magic words, the sage advice of TV announcers: immemorial: Tune in tomorrow and see.

■ Stefan Kanfer

## INVESTIGATIONS

### Prisoner of Fifth Avenue

Throughout the long week of Jeb Magruder's devastating testimony, John and Martha Mitchell secluded themselves in their Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking Manhattan's Central Park. Outside, reporters stood watches—some in five-hour shifts. They tanned themselves in the summer sun during the daytime, complained during the nights. Across the street, television camera crews lounged on the stone steps of the Marymount School of New York, which afford the best camera angle on the Mitchells' apartment building.

The waiting was in vain. Neither the

ture out, he and Martha invite friends in for cocktails and dinner, which is prepared by a cook when Martha, herself a talented chef, prefers to stay out of the kitchen.

Reports a recent visitor: "There are always people floating in and out of there—friends from Rye, people they know in New York." Contrary to some reports, Mitchell stays sober, never drinking liquor until evening and then consuming perhaps a couple more than his customary two pre-dinner Scotches. Off and on during the day, he watches the Watergate committee hearings on television and prepares his defense in his small den. As he works, Mitchell has at times been so hyped up that Martha once asked his doctor to prescribe medication to slow him down. The doctor refused, saying Mitchell was fine.

**Staying Silent.** Mitchell already faces charges for perjury and conspiracy to obstruct justice in the Vesco case, but he has confided to friends that he is far more worried about the indictment federal prosecutors have told him that he can almost certainly expect in the Watergate investigation. Friends have urged him to issue a public statement to counter the mounting testimony against him, but he has followed his lawyers' advice to remain silent for fear of prejudicing the case they are building for his defense. They are analyzing every word of testimony, closely watching for weakness on the part of each witness and planning to shape an airtight position for Mitchell to take.

He appears most worried not about the testimony expected from John W. Dean III this week, but about what John Ehrlichman and Charles Colson might say when they appear before the Ervin committee. Mitchell strongly disliked both when he was Attorney General, distrusted them when he became Nixon's campaign manager, and fears they may be out to get him now. Already Colson has claimed that on three different occasions early this year he told Nixon that Mitchell had apparently helped plan the Watergate burglary.

Last week Mitchell was scheduled to meet with the Ervin committee staff in Washington for private questioning. But the session was postponed to enable Hundley to request formally that the committee excuse Mitchell on the ground that premature testimony might prejudice his expected trial. Since the request is likely to be denied, Mitchell anticipates testifying before the committee after it returns from its recess during the first week in July.

If he is depressed, Mitchell reportedly does not talk about it to friends, though they find him looking grayer and older. He has assured them that he has an adequate amount of money for his defense and his family's needs, though he is no millionaire. But not even his friends can say what happens when they are not around and John and Martha alone must confront his besmirched reputation and his shattered career.

## THE WHITE HOUSE

### Julie for the Defense

*We have talked about it. But the whole family says: What would be the good of it? The way my father looked at it for a while was that, "I want to do what is good for the country—it resigning would be good for the country, well..." But all of us feel that wouldn't help the presidency. We feel that he has a lot to give the country still, and he should continue.*

This astonishing insight into Richard Nixon's private musings on whether he should resign the presidency over Watergate came not long ago from someone who should know: his younger daughter, Julie Nixon Eisenhower, 24, is the only Nixon who has refused to shun public exposure in the wake of the scandal and has chosen instead to carry her father's case forcefully to the public.

Julie has actively sought speaking engagements and television appearances over the past few weeks, in most cases knowing beforehand that she would be subjected to hostile questioning about Watergate. "She feels that it is her personal responsibility as a member of the family to defend her father," says a close friend. The defense she has mounted, mostly before young audiences and on television, has been impressively detailed, lucid and levelheaded. She talks over with her father how to handle the thorniest questions, and she has faced down more than one interviewer with the icy calm and official poise only a politician's—perhaps only a President's—daughter can so effectively command.

She needs both attributes. At her own request, Julie recently attended the annual dinner of the Radio and Television Correspondents Association in Washington. She knew in advance that the evening would be peppered with

MITCHELL DODGING REPORTERS LAST MONTH  
Looking older and grayer.

former Attorney General, who rarely shows emotion and seldom talks to the press at even the best of times, nor his once effervescent wife emerged. Their chief contact with the outside world was a former Hungarian freedom fighter who serves as their general aide-de-camp and chauffeur. From time to time, he would run an errand or escort the Mitchells' daughter Marty to her private Catholic school.

Mitchell sometimes is able to sneak out for a short ride around Manhattan, friends say, but he rarely walks anywhere now for fear of being accosted by reporters. For the same reason, he rides to Washington in his dark blue Lincoln for consultation with his lawyers, William G. Hundley and Plato Cacheris, instead of taking an airplane or the Metroliner. Since they dare not ven-

JULIE RINGING PEACE BELL IN BOSTON





Watergate jokes, but was unprepared for the deluge of stinging humor (see *SHOW BUSINESS*). Sitting with her was former Senator Eugene McCarthy, who gallantly kept her engrossed during the jabs at the President. Said one observer: "Without him, she wouldn't have made it." As it was, she gamely held on to the end, until Nicaraguan Ambassador Guillermo Sevilla-Sacasa said sympathetically: "Your father still has one friend." Tears began to fill her eyes as she quietly left.

That is the only time she has given way. She not only responds briskly to newsmen's queries and questions from her audiences but also launches cool counterattacks at times. On one occasion she observed: "How can you know everything that's going on in an Administration, go to China, go to the Soviet Union, control inflation, control riots—there have been no major riots while my father has been in office—and do all the other things?" Another time she observed: "I think the press is getting

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## THE NATION

its due credit for bringing this whole murky thing out in the open. But all these unnamed sources they use—those are old McCarthyism tactics that hurt innocent people."

She likes to tell her audiences: "I was a political baby; I learned to walk in the House, and I learned to talk in the Senate." She describes Watergate as "a cancer. You wish you could go into the hospital tomorrow and have it all removed once and for all." Her ultimate message: "I have complete faith and confidence that events in the long run will put my father's achievements in perspective and that he'll be remembered for the generation of peace he was able to bring."

White House observers, some of whom have watched Julie grow up, sense more in this new-found activity than a restless urge for public speech-making—or even a welcome chance to defend her embattled father. Says one: "Julie is running for First Lady." And why not? Husband David has encouraged her recent activity, and she says of a possible political office for him: "I think it would be fine. David and I will probably be involved with politics for the rest of our lives. We might be working for other candidates—or David might run." Then she adds, "Or perhaps I will."

## VIRGINIA

### Disarray in the Old Dominion

You can't tell the players without a scorecard in Virginia these days. Party labels, loyalties and leaders are scrambled beyond the worst imaginings of old Harry F. Byrd Sr., who for much of his life ran Virginia politics like a military drill.

It is odd enough that at the moment the commonwealth has a Republican Governor, an Independent Lieutenant Governor, and a Democratic attorney general. But consider that when voters go to the polls this November, they will elect as Governor one of two well-known, longtime Democrats—neither of whom is running as a Democrat. Two weeks ago one was given the Republican nomination and the other elected to run as an Independent. Byrd's once invincible Democratic Party gave up and will field no candidate for the office.

Republican Governor Linwood Holton, 50, who by law cannot succeed himself, has been notably moderate on the issue of race (his own children attend desegregated public schools), much to the dismay of conservative Democrats who in 1969 helped make him the first Republican Governor in the commonwealth since Reconstruction. But this year those same conservative Democrats asked Holton to support his replacement former Democratic Governor Mills E. Godwin Jr., 58, who



INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE HOWELL

Squaring off in a race where two Democrats are as good as none.



REPUBLICAN NOMINEE GODWIN

defeated Holton in 1965 and is now at blistering odds with the McGovern leftists who have seized his former party. Holton agreed because there were no promising Republican candidates. Godwin, who has been referring to Republicans as "you people" and the party as "your party," more or less joined their ranks when he finally managed in his acceptance speech to describe himself to the G.O.P. convention delegates as "one of you."

Democrats, who grew fratricidal with the collapse of the Byrd machine (Byrd Sr. died in 1966, and in 1970 his son won re-election to the U.S. Senate as an Independent), have redoubled their bloodletting since the resounding McGovern defeat. McGovernites now control an estimated 60-70% of the party's positions in Virginia. This year's gubernatorial candidate could have been, with only a nod of his head, Lieutenant Governor Henry Howell, 52, a friend of the new McGovern forces and a shrewd populist with a liberal stance on race and broad support from organized labor. But Howell begged off on the reasonable grounds that nobody labeled a Democrat could win in Virginia in 1973, and on June 8 he filed as an Independent candidate.

He may be right. Virginians not only voted 69% for Nixon in 1972, but also replaced popular moderate Democratic Senator William B. Spong Jr. with conservative Republican William L. Scott, leaving the congressional delegation with eight Republicans, three Democrats and one Independent.

Taking the maverick road is consistent with Howell's past. Like Godwin, Howell is a graduate of William and Mary College and the University of Virginia Law School. Unlike him, however, he has long been a party rebel. In the 1969 Democratic gubernatorial primary he forced Byrd-machine

Candidate William C. Battle into a run-off—the first ever for the Byrd machine—and so split the party that the general election was thrown to Republican Holton. When the Lieutenant Governor's office fell vacant in 1971, Howell ran as an Independent and defeated both major party candidates, polling 40% of the vote.

Howell has enviable strength in the black community (he supports busing and the redistricting of the Richmond school system to achieve racial balance), and a liberal sprinkling of small businessmen and young professionals also support him. Howell is a barn-burning orator with a readily understandable campaign slogan: "Keep the big boys honest."

**Tough Politics.** With only an estimated 20% of the voters undecided, Virginia's topsy-turvy political arena may ultimately favor Godwin, who has 25 years as a Democratic stalwart behind him and invaluable schooling as a loyalist in tough Byrd machine politics. A former FBI agent with a strong record as Governor, Godwin's biggest obstacle now that he has switched parties is to win over the Republicans who worked against him in 1965. While counting on big-business support, Godwin is not writing off the blue-collar vote. Though Godwin sponsored the fiercely unpopular state sales tax on food and non-prescription drugs, in the face of Howell's opposition he says he is now willing to substitute some other source of revenue. Godwin concedes Howell may carry most of the black and organized-labor vote, but predicts Howell's leftist image will hurt in traditionally conservative Virginia. In his new Republican voice, Godwin is still talking Byrd language. "I don't want to see the direction reversed," he says. "Continuity and predictability have been [Virginia's] prime assets."

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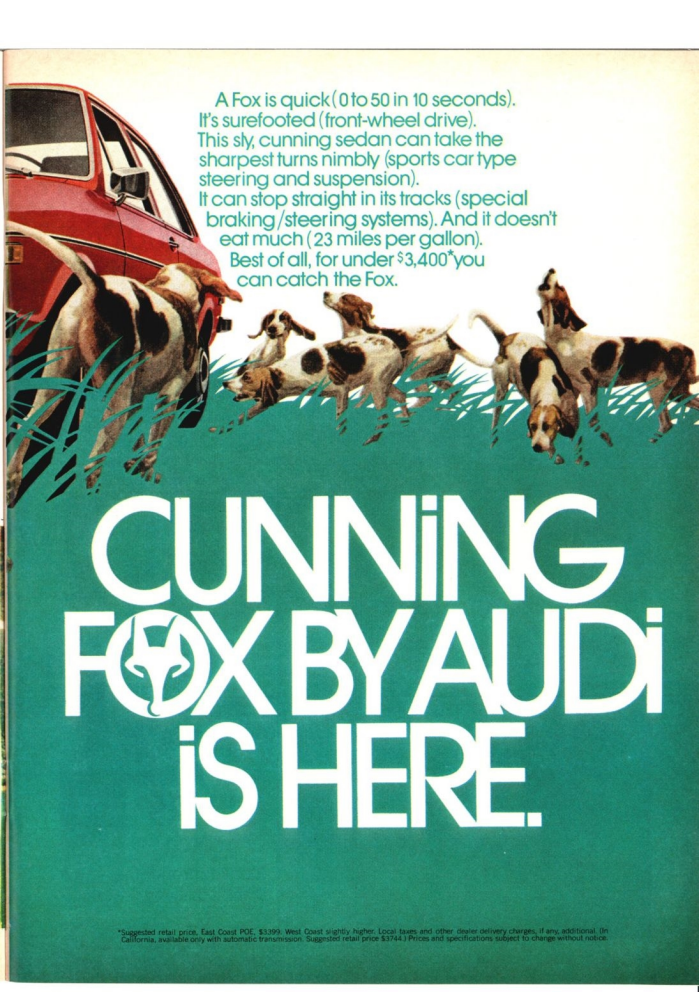
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## INFLATION

## Freeze II: Back to the Drawing Board

*"Oh, everybody thinks Phase III was a failure. Let's move on."*

With more than a touch of bitter resignation, Treasury Secretary George Shultz last week thus delivered the epitaph for the Administration's five-month-old attempt to control inflation on the honor system, of which he was the chief ideologue. An hour later, in a nationwide TV speech, President Nixon did indeed move on—with the second freeze since August 1971. He imposed a halt on increases in prices—but not in paychecks—for up to 60 days. That will be followed, the President promised, by a Phase IV with "tighter standards" and "more mandatory compliance procedures" than those of the discredited third phase.

**America First.** The freeze was better by far than Phase III, but many critics in Congress and in U.S. and foreign business would have preferred a more permanent program—which is now up to two months away. The interim program was hurriedly slapped together and seemed like a desperation move. The President and his aides were drafting changes almost up to the moment that he announced it. Even if, as seems likely, it accomplishes a temporary slowdown in price increases, the danger remains that too much inflationary momentum has been built up for anything less than an extremely tough Phase IV to curb it. Reason: the President waited unconscionably long to take a new stand against high prices. Since January, U.S. consumer prices have spiraled upward at an annual rate of 9.2%, their worst rise in more than two decades (TIME cover, June 18). The increases were even greater in the su-

permarket, where prices have been inflating at an annual rate of 25% or more—and worse was ahead.

Moreover, Nixon made a bid to gain vast new authority over the nation's exports. He asked Congress to let him regulate the overseas shipment of all "articles, commodities or products." He could then personally limit overseas sales of wheat and other grains, the rising demand for which Nixon blames for high food prices at home. The nation would honor prior commitments. But, said Nixon with some jingoism: "When we have shortages and sharply rising prices of food at home, I have made this basic decision: in allocating the products of America's farms between markets abroad and those in the United States, we must put the American consumer first."

TIME Correspondent John Berry learned that the Administration has even gone so far as to set targets for key feed commodity prices—all of them dramatically below those prevailing. Samples: for soybeans delivered next November, the target price is \$4 per bu., down from \$6.43 the day that Nixon spoke; for wheat at Kansas City in July, \$2 per bu., down from \$2.78. Thus, the Administration plans a market intervention of enormous proportions.

**Gyrating Grain.** The threat of export controls caused prices on the nation's commodities markets, where speculators have recently bid up prices to heights undreamed of only a year ago, to gyrate widely. On Thursdays, prices for major grains and soybeans were "down the limit"—they dropped as far as trading rules permitted in a single day. The panic seemed to substantiate Nixon's assessment of grain spec-



SHULTZ EXPLAINING NEW PROGRAM  
Halting the momentum.

ulation as a root cause of food inflation.

Whether a U.S. President should be given the power to regulate the nation's export faucet indefinitely, however, is extremely doubtful. The use of such barriers to free trade invites retaliation from injured foreign nations and fans economic nationalism. Further, farm products constitute the U.S.'s second biggest export after machinery—\$9.4 billion worth last year. To limit their sale would only worsen the nation's alarming balance of payments deficits.

Many of the critics of the Administration's recent do-little attitude to-

## PHASE I

Aug. 15, 1971-  
Nov. 13, 1971

## WAGE-PRICE FREEZE

A clampdown on nearly all pay and price increases, with the major exception of unprocessed farm products. The Cost of Living Council is created, with Treasury Secretary John Connally as chairman, to enforce the freeze. Compliance is widespread, though some unions complain that the rules are antiblavor.

**EFFECTIVENESS:** Excellent. Inflation reduced to an annual rate of 1.9%.

## PHASE II

Nov. 14, 1971-  
Jan. 11, 1973

## WAGE-PRICE CONTROLS

A system yardstick designed to keep inflation in firm check. Wages are to rise no faster than 5.5% annually, prices no more than 2.5%. Profit margins are controlled. Enforcement is divided between the Pay Board and the Price Commission. Compliance is mixed at first, then moves to within acceptable distance of the goals.

**EFFECTIVENESS:** Extremely good. Inflation cut to an annual rate of 3.4%.

## PHASE III

Jan. 11, 1973-  
June 13, 1973

## PARTIAL DECONTROL

A move toward voluntarism in which Phase II's yardsticks are loosened. The Cost of Living Council, with Labor Economist John T. Dunlop of Harvard as chairman, again handles enforcement of both wage and price rules. Compliance is progressively less complete, especially on price increases, with little objection from COLC.

**EFFECTIVENESS:** Terrible. Inflation soars to an annual rate of 9.2%.

## FREEZE II

June 13, 1973-?

## PRICE FREEZE

A second ban on price—though not wage—increases for up to 60 days, again with farm-level prices for food products exempt but not those beyond the farm level. Companies that posted big price increases during Phase III will be audited, and special attention given to retail food and gas prices. COLC is to enforce the freeze and plan Phase IV, which the President promises will have "tighter standards" than its predecessor.

## PHASE IV





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ward inflation were pleased that Nixon had finally decided to act and predicted that Freeze II would make a difference. Otto Eckstein, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, revised his estimate of one measure of inflation—called the G.N.P. deflator—downward ever so slightly (to an annual rate of 4.3%) because of the freeze and said that the move "has substantially reduced the risk to our prosperity." Walter Heller, another member of TIME's board, agreed: "We've broken through that mushiness and moribundness, and now there's some flint and steel."

Yet almost nowhere did the President's second resort to anti-inflation shock treatment produce anything like the widespread sense of relief, even enthusiasm that followed the first. The cowering stock market sank even further into despair. The Dow Jones industrial average lost 27 points on the two trading days after Nixon's speech and closed the week at a dismal 889.

On world money markets, the undervalued dollar remained distinctly anemic; in Frankfurt it fell to an all-time low of 2.57 marks, down 9% in just the past month. Economist Paul Samuelson explained the lack of enthusiasm by complaining that Nixon's sudden lurches from one set of rules to another add up to "schizoid economics," and that "you use up" the effectiveness of extreme measures like freezes. Raymond Jallow, senior vice president of the United California Bank, worried that in the current near-capacity economy a freeze "will create a bubble of inflation" after it is over. AFL-CIO President George Meany damned the freeze as a "failure of policy" and pointed out that Nixon had frozen prices at a historic high point. Most important, the fear remained that the economy's case of Watergate woes is simply too serious to be remedied by yet another White House program. "It's strictly a holding operation," says Economist Sam Nakagawa. "Nixon has pulled back into a defensive position until Watergate blows over." Says George Doup, president of the Indiana farm bureau: "You could see, even during the President's presentation, that his heart wasn't in it."

**Inner Circle.** Neither, to put it mildly, are the hearts of his top economic advisers. Free Marketeer Shultz had argued vehemently against anything more than minor changes in Phase III. In fact, Shultz and Herbert Stein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors, left for a bankers' meeting in Paris on June 5 with the understanding that Nixon had decided on a program far less drastic than the freeze. The next morning, Nixon sent a memo to his advisers through Chief of Staff Alexander Haig asking for new information on a variety of economic matters. Administration aides speculated that the President was persuaded to change course by Melvin Laird, who had just signed on as Nixon's domestic affairs chief and promptly advocated bold economic moves.

Neither Shultz nor Stein plans to become active in the Administration's public relations campaign to sell the program to the nation, and they may decide to quit before long. Shultz, a highly moral man, is also depressed over the Watergate morass. Likewise, former Treasury Secretary John Connally, who urged Nixon to act but apparently felt left out of the inner circle, will quit his vaguely defined Administration job.

The freeze will be run by a special group within the Cost of Living Council headed by its deputy director, James W. McLane, 34, a Harvard Business School graduate turned bureaucrat. Stores will be required to keep a list of "freeze prices," which are the highest levels that retailers charged for at least 10% of sales on any given item or service between June 1 and June 8.

Exempted altogether from the freeze are wages, which the President correctly judged as being held to "responsible" increases of some 5% a year—without stiff controls. Rents, interest rates and dividends are also exempted. Agriculture prices at the farm level were left uncontrolled, though they are anything but responsible. Any attempt to hold down a rising price would lower farmers' incentives to solve the nation's food problem by producing more. However, unlike the first freeze, even raw agricultural goods are now price-controlled after their first sale by the farmer to the distributor or wholesaler.

**Against Narcotics.** McLane said that "seven or nine" industries will be specifically scrutinized in a "profits sweep," because they are suspected of having exceeded Phase III's price rules and may now face rollbacks. Two of the industries are chemicals and electrical machinery. Businessmen apparently also have decided that the freeze was for real. U.S. Steel, Bethlehem Steel, Uniroyal, B.F. Goodrich and Kennecott Copper canceled or postponed increases that had been put into effect or scheduled.

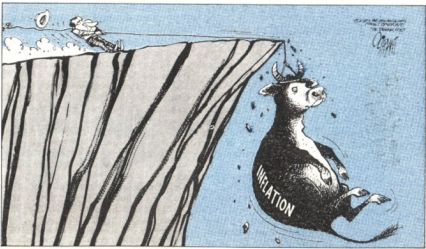
White House insiders say that the President really does not know yet what

should be done about Phase IV. He is all but irrevocably committed to a program as tough as Phase II—and probably even tougher in the politically touchy areas of food and gasoline prices. Phase IV will also likely be expanded to include control on wages, profits and other areas.

Nixon remains basically opposed to strong controls, and promised to keep them from becoming a "narcotic." Yet, when the current freeze ends, he will have presided over one or another set of wage-price rules for about 40% of his term in office. The President allowed his Administration's most effective inflation-fighting team—Phase II's Price Commission—to be dismantled in January with hardly a word of thanks. Though he bragged last week about the exemplary 3.4% inflation rate that was posted during Phase II, he will have a difficult time repeating the performance in the next phase—if, indeed, he has the will to try.



"Flushed with his stunning victory at Windmill-on-Watergate, Don Nixon sallied forth to challenge the inflationary dragon..."



## EAST-WEST/COVER STORY

# And Now, Moscow's Dollar Diplomat

Leonid Ilich Brezhnev came courting the U.S. last week. Money and trade might be in the air more than love, but by East-West standards it promised to be an extraordinarily warm visit. Late Saturday afternoon a sleek blue-and-white Soviet Ilyushin-62 touched down at Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington. Out stepped the Soviet party leader, who was greeted by Secretary of State William Rogers and Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs Walter Stoessel. There were

izing the Soviet economy by dealing with the West. And here was Richard Nixon, an American President weakened by a damaging political scandal, who nevertheless had done more than any previous President to establish a new attitude toward the East.

What was at stake in the talks between the two men was of inestimable importance to the future of East-West relations—and to peace. Was an era of détente evolving into a time of trade-oriented dollar (and ruble) diplomacy?

vid, Md., to rest up from jet lag.

Brezhnev's eight-day visit—the first by a Soviet leader since Nikita Khrushchev was the guest of Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1959\*—officially began on Monday with ceremonies on the White House lawn. The scheduled program: Nixon and his top aides, including Secretary of State Rogers and Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger, wait at the head of a red carpet extending from the White House diplomatic entrance. After a trumpet fanfare, a military band plays the *Hymn of the Soviet Union*, followed by *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The two leaders deliver their welcoming remarks and then repair to the Oval Office for their first negotiating session.

With the Soviet party leader is Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, a newly appointed Politburo member, and Soviet Ambassador to Washington Anatoly Dobrynin. In addition, Brezhnev is accompanied by 50 Soviet foreign-trade, industry and agriculture officials, not to mention 75 Russian newsmen. Plans were that while in Washington he would stay at Blair House, the guest house for visiting foreign dignitaries, located across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House.

**Working Summit.** Like last year's meeting in Moscow, this one is billed as a "working summit." The two leaders will spend much of the week conferring at the White House and at Camp David. Despite President Nixon's promise last week of "major new progress," U.S. diplomats cautioned Americans not to expect anything dramatic. "The purpose of this summit," declared a top State Department official, "is to keep up the momentum created last year rather than to carve any new paths."

Nonetheless, both sides are striving for visible hallmarks. Thus, although there will be nothing comparable in magnitude to the treaty that was signed in Moscow in May 1972, limiting each country's ABMs to 200, some lesser agreements will provide occasion for broad smiles and the clinking of champagne glasses. The most important one will be a "declaration of intent and principles" governing the second round of Strategic Arms Limitation Talks currently taking place in Geneva. Other agreements will concern agricultural, scientific and cultural exchanges.

Among the official functions will be

BREZHNEV WAVING GOODBYE AT MOSCOW AIRPORT AS HE DEPARTS FOR WASHINGTON  
"The business of diplomacy these days is business."

smiles and handshakes at the airbase, but no bands, no fanfare, no formal speeches.

Important guests arriving unofficially at Andrews—even the most powerful Communist chief on earth—always receive a low-key welcome. But the understated formalities belied the potential significance of Brezhnev's visit. This week's Washington summit, regardless of the decisions reached, could not possibly match the drama of Richard Nixon's historic visit to the Middle Kingdom of Chairman Mao. Nor was it likely to repeat the cold-warring tension of John Kennedy's 1961 test of wills with Nikita Khrushchev in Vienna. Nonetheless, this summit had a drama of its own. Here was Leonid Brezhnev, a superconfident Soviet leader at the zenith of his power, who had staked much of that power and of his own reputation on the idea of revital-

Could commerce between the world's undisputed superpowers provide the cement of coexistence for future generations? Those were the key questions that might find tentative answers at the Washington summit.

There had been fears that the summit might have to be canceled or postponed—despite persistent avowals by both leaders that they were determined to go ahead. Part of the suspense was provided by Brezhnev, who, as he frequently does, kept his hosts guessing about his plans until almost the last minute. Three days before he was due to arrive, U.S. officials still did not know whether he would bring his wife (he did not). And it was not clear until the middle of last week whether he would land on Saturday or Sunday. By choosing the earlier day, Brezhnev allowed himself the luxury of being flown by helicopter to the presidential retreat at Camp Da-

\*Premier Aleksei Kosygin's 1967 visit to the U.S., during which he met Lyndon Johnson at Glassboro, N.J., was officially to the United Nations. Glassboro was chosen as the site of their two-day talks for reasons of protocol—it was equidistant from Washington and New York City.

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reciprocal state dinners at the White House and the Soviet embassy. Brezhnev will also host luncheons for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and about 40 American businessmen. On Friday, he and Nixon will fly to the Western White House at San Clemente, Calif. Some time during the week, probably at Blair House, Brezhnev will tape a speech to be aired over the three television networks during the weekend.

Brezhnev will have virtually no chance to see and hear the sights and sounds of the country. Initially, he had expressed some interest in visiting an automobile assembly line in Detroit. Largely for security reasons, a tentatively scheduled side trip to that city was canceled, as was a stopover in Houston, where Nixon had hoped to show his guest the technological wonders of the NASA Space Center.

In one way, the Brezhnev visit could hardly be better timed from Nixon's viewpoint. Foreign policy has always been the President's forte, and the presence in the U.S. of the ebullient Soviet leader may divert some public attention from the Watergate hearings. Yet there is clearly a major risk involved. The widening scandal has dramatically reduced Nixon's prestige with the electorate, his effectiveness in dealing with Congress and his ability to run the Administration. Thus he could well find himself at a competitive disadvantage in dealing with a man who is noted as a hard and persistent bargainer.

**Potential Problems.** The President's overall policy of détente enjoys wide bipartisan support. But there is considerable disenchantment, particularly in the Midwest, over the Administration's handling of last year's \$1 billion wheat sale to the Russians. Though widely approved at the time, the sale in retrospect appears to have been a disastrous example of official mismanagement and blundering—subsidized by \$300 million in taxpayers' money and a major factor in spiraling prices.

Potentially even more embarrassing for the President is the probability that Congress will not honor his request to grant Moscow most-favored-nation status—a key plank in the Soviet-American trade treaty signed last October. No fewer than 77 Senators and 260 members of the House—a potent show of support—have lined up behind amendments to the Administration trade bill that would deny MFN status to any nation that limits free emigration of its citizens. The amendments are primarily aimed at the arbitrary tax that the Soviet Union levies on citizens wishing to emigrate, most of whom have been Jews. Support for the amendments is based on political, ideological and humanitarian concerns. But probably the strongest pressure has come from Jewish lobbying and politicians' concern over the "Jewish vote."

The amendments, should they pass when the trade bill is taken up by Congress later this year, will not halt trade

with the Soviet Union. But Moscow is particularly eager to get special status because it would mean tariff cuts of up to 50% on Soviet imports into the U.S. In an extraordinary concession, the Politburo, at Brezhnev's urging, agreed to the suspension of the tax—though it could be reinstated at any time. In April, Brezhnev personally assured a group of seven American Senators visiting Moscow that he would not allow the tax to stand in the way of better relations. The White House fears the amendments would limit the President's flexibility in foreign affairs and set a precedent of interference in the domestic affairs of a foreign country.

Brezhnev's visit to West Germany last month is evidence enough that he will make every effort to pull as much American money, technology, hardware and credit as possible into the Soviet economy. Under his leadership, the Soviet Union has stopped trying to

*Ostpolitik*, and has formed a more protective *Westpolitik* of his own, which seeks to preserve ideological conformity—especially in Eastern Europe—by providing more material benefits. Next month the Helsinki Conference on European Security will take up formal ratification of the post-World War II political status quo of Eastern Europe. Under Brezhnev's guidance, the Soviet Union has achieved nuclear parity with the U.S.—and recognition of that status in the first SALT treaty.

An essential ingredient of this policy is the Soviet Union's decision to hinge its economic development on help from the West. Brezhnev is a leading advocate of rapid technological development at home. If his policy misfires, he will have much to answer for. One indication of how many Soviet hopes are pinned to the summit is its treatment in the Soviet press. For weeks, articles have appeared daily applauding Brezh-



"Tell my host I already feel very much at home."

catch up with the U.S. economically through its own efforts. Instead, it seeks to achieve "peace and prosperity" by harnessing Western technological and industrial know-how to the Soviet pariah. As one European diplomat put it: "The business of diplomacy these days is business."

Though Brezhnev is not exactly an "economic mendicant dressed up as a military giant"—the acerbic description of him by French Political Scientist Pierre Hassner—he has high personal stakes in the summit. Indeed, they may be higher than Nixon's. As the architect of what he calls a "peace program" of détente, Brezhnev has gone further than any other Moscow ruler since the Bolshevik Revolution in seeking a normal relationship with the West.

In the past three years, Brezhnev has had five successful meetings with West German Chancellor Willy Brandt, French President Georges Pompidou and President Nixon. He has been the crucial partner in Brandt's policy of

ne's peaceful-coexistence policy and depicting his trip to the U.S. as of historic significance. Americans are described, in a refreshingly unpolemical way, as eager for trade and "sick and tired of the cold war."

Even more significant, perhaps, is the Soviet treatment of Watergate; it has received only brief mentions in *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. Both in Moscow and in Eastern Europe, party cadres have portrayed the affair as a conspiracy by American "reactionaries" to sabotage Nixon's rapprochement with the Soviet Union. One lecturer claimed there was a parallel with John Kennedy, who, he said, was assassinated because he intended to improve relations with the Soviet Union.

There are, of course, rather obvious reasons for taking such a tack. As Editor Daniel Kraminov of the Soviet weekly *Za Rubezhno* bluntly put it: "A few years ago, certainly, we would have underlined more strongly the dirtiness of American political life. Now we are

## THE WORLD

observing an old Russian proverb which says: "Never throw mud into the house you are about to enter."

From the careful questions raised by Soviet diplomats at receptions, it is clear that the Russians are worried about Watergate. That Brezhnev stuck to the original schedule for the summit, however, suggests that he believes Nixon will somehow ride out his seventh and most serious crisis. Quipped a British Kremlinologist last week: "Brezhnev really has quite an investment in Nixon's survival." The Russians have in fact developed an agreeable working relationship with the President and, of course, Henry Kissinger. It is doubtful if they could envision more complementary partners.

In their discussions this week, the Soviet party boss and the President will take up a number of issues that go well beyond immediate bilateral questions. Nixon will probe Brezhnev to see just

how genuine the Russian commitment is to détente. Brezhnev will try to ascertain how far the U.S. is likely to go in its political rapprochement with China. The threat of China has grown in Soviet eyes along with Peking's expanding nuclear capability. The Soviet Union's awareness that it cannot afford to be embattled on two fronts was a major factor in the decision to ease pressures on its western frontiers.

The most important issues to be discussed:

**TRADE.** This will be the No. 1 topic so far as the Russians are concerned. Brezhnev is said to have talked with Kissinger in terms of \$250 billion in trade with the U.S. over the next 20 years. That may be unrealistic. U.S. trade with the Soviet Union nearly tripled last year, to \$642.1 million, but this was largely due to grain sales. A congressional committee has optimistically estimated that trade could go as high as

\$5 billion annually by the end of the decade. This is still modest compared with \$30 billion in trade with Western Europe last year and \$14 billion with Japan. Chief U.S. exports currently include automotive and oil and gas extraction equipment, road-building vehicles, computers and electronic equipment, and chemicals. The U.S. imports from Russia consist mainly of furs, chrome ore, platinum metals, diamonds, vodka and caviar.

Although there is little that Brezhnev can do about most-favored-nation status, he will seek extensive long-term credits for gas and oil development schemes. Two weeks ago, the U.S. signed a formal endorsement of an \$8 billion, 20-year contract between Occidental Petroleum Corp. and the Russians for the exchange of chemicals and machinery. Occidental and El Paso Natural Gas have just signed a "letter of intent" to negotiate an even bigger deal

## Inside Brezhnev's Office

The man in the gray-blue flannel suit leaned across his tidy teak desk, past the elegant brown calf briefcase with gold combination locks, and pressed one of the 30 buttons on his elaborate intercom. "What's on TV tonight?" he asked. "Only some weight lifting," a male secretary replied. "Oh, all right," the button-pusher said. "We haven't got time anyway."

Thus, with executive flair, Leonid Brezhnev last week showed himself comfortably at home in his Kremlin office suite. On the eve of his departure for Washington, the Soviet

ing questions. His main, rectangular office, on the third floor of the Council of Ministers block, is larger but less elegant than the Oval Office in the White House. Pointing to his intercom, he proudly noted that he can use it to contact any member of the ruling Politburo.

On his desk was a copy of a new English edition of his collected speeches. On the floor was a small white spittoon. On a side table were that day's issues of the ten major Soviet newspapers. Near by were photographs of his meetings with President Nixon in Moscow last year and with Chancellor Willy Brandt on the Black Sea in 1971.

Obviously enjoying his role as tour director, the Soviet boss jokingly pretended to the newsmen that silk curtains down one wall were covers for his bookshelves. Then he parted the curtains to reveal double glass doors leading to a private hideaway that included a TV set, a refrigerator and a medicine cabinet. "This is where I usually eat," he said. "You see this little couch in there? If I get a chance, maybe I can get a nap there." Brezhnev added that he spent "a terrifying amount of time" in his offices—one in the Kremlin, another on the opposite side of Red Square in the Communist Party headquarters building, where the Moscow-Washington hot line is located. He could not remember the last time that he had used the hot line.

Brezhnev appeared a little tired as he sat down to conduct a press conference in a large room that is used for meetings by the Politburo every Thursday afternoon. Sipping black coffee and alternately smoking Russian and American cigarettes (Philip Morris multifilter), he seemed to revive as the translated questions and answers progressed across a 50-ft.-long, green-felt-covered table. Among his comments:

**ON WATERGATE.** It is not our affair. I would regard it as indecent for me to discuss it here or there.

**ON PRESIDENT NIXON.** My attitude to the President is of great respect. He chose to take a realistic and constructive approach to improving our relations.

**ON SOVIET JEWS.** There is no Jewish problem, no Jewish question here ... Some of my closest friends from school days onward have been Jews.

**ON THE POLITBURO.** Our decision making is collective. Ninety-nine point nine percent of the time we decide by discussion, not by vote. But if discussion fails, we postpone the issue, or set up a small group of members to talk it over further.

**ON PRESS CONFERENCES.** I don't like the question and answer system. A meeting with the press is not a school exam. A free discussion is better than just shooting questions. Journalists always ask too many questions.



BREZHNEV ENJOYS LIGHT MOMENT AT HIS DESK

Communist Party chief invited over eleven Moscow-based U.S. correspondents, including TIME's John Shaw. It was not only the first time that the newsmen had ever met with Brezhnev but the first time that they had been inside the inner sanctum of Soviet power. In wry allusion to how the Western press sometimes refers to his office, Brezhnev explained that he wanted to help his visitors unravel "the mysterious unknown wafting above the Kremlin."

Some mysteries remain, of course, but Brezhnev spent three hours and 20 minutes with the correspondents, expansively showing off the trappings of his office and cleverly field-





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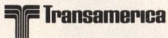
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to pipe gas from northeast Siberia to liquefying plants near Vladivostok and from there to the U.S. West Coast. In return for American technology, equipment, and credit, the Russians will offer access to their vast natural resources. Brezhnev will also push for more frequent Aeroflot flights between Moscow and New York City, as well as an extension of the route to Washington and the West Coast.

**ARMS LIMITATIONS.** This is the area of most concern to the U.S. With the slow-moving second round of SALT talks in progress, there will be no breakthrough to match the Moscow treaty limiting ABMs. On the difficult problem of limiting offensive strategic weapons, Kissinger at a press conference last week conceded: "We do not expect—indeed we do not aim for—a settlement of these questions at this meeting."

So far as conventional weapons are concerned, there is no sign that the Soviets intend to reduce the pace of their military buildup. The enlargement of their already substantial navy continues, as does the expansion of their air force. The Russians have dragged their feet at the Mutual and Balanced Force Reduction talks now going on in Vienna. Only after the West reluctantly agreed to accept Hungary's observer status at the talks, effectively removing from the negotiations the 40,000 Soviet troops on Hungarian soil, was work

on Hanoi to observe the cease-fire—will determine the extent of U.S. help in trade and technology. Although Brezhnev may be willing, the President's bargaining position has been weakened by the threat of a congressional cutoff of funds for bombing in Cambodia.

**MIDDLE EAST.** After lengthy discussion, the two sides will merely agree to disagree. Neither the U.S. nor the Soviet Union wants to see war erupt in the area. But Russia is not willing to put pressure on the Arabs. It wants the U.S. first to exert its influence on Israel to pull back from the occupied territories. There is no likelihood that the two leaders will agree to a moratorium on arms shipment. The best that can be expected is Brezhnev's affirmation that the Soviet Union will not actually seek to block any negotiations.

One side effect of Soviet-American summitry—and this summit in partic-

ular Irkutsk-to-Nakhodka oil pipeline. Last week Moscow abruptly informed Premier Kakuei Tanaka that his scheduled visit to the Soviet capital in August would be "inconvenient." What disturbed the Japanese government was that Moscow at the same time invited a delegation of Japanese Diet members, including the opposition, to visit Moscow—in August.

Barring some unpredictable and unlikely disaster, the Washington summit will almost certainly enhance Brezhnev's prestige and position in the Soviet Union. Until recently the Moscow hierarchy was a determinedly collective leadership. Brezhnev's dealings are still sharply defined within the perimeters set by the Politburo. But since the last summit, when he shared the spotlight with President Nikolai Podgorny and Premier Kosygin, he has handled the show alone. In a major Politburo shake-up in April, he dispatched two of the strongest opponents of his policies. His official job—General Secretary of the Communist Party—does not entitle him to so much prominence. (Unlike Stalin and Khrushchev, he is not also the head of state.) Acknowledging the problem, the Soviets have responded by building up his status in the press to a degree that recalls the cult-of-personality era.

At 66, Brezhnev is not exactly a reluctant star. He does everything with gusto, exuding an earthiness and ner-

## U.S. EXPORTS TO U.S.S.R.



## U.S. IMPORTS FROM U.S.S.R.



on the agenda begun. Nixon needs some kind of reciprocal withdrawal by the Russians to hold off congressional demands for a unilateral cutback of the 300,000 U.S. forces in Europe. Brezhnev is well aware of these pressures, which suggests that he is unlikely to be conciliatory. To even the score, the U.S. has sought to tie MBFR talks to progress at the European Security Conference, which the Russians badly want.

**SECURITY CONFERENCE.** The Soviets want to end preparatory talks on European security late this month and hold a summit finale in September. They see a full-scale conference as an opportunity to make permanent all of those borders that were redrawn to the Soviets' advantage at the end of World War II. As Willy Brandt did when Brezhnev visited Bonn, President Nixon will insist that the success of the conference must hinge upon a free flow of ideas and people throughout Europe.

**INDOCHINA.** As he has in the past, Nixon will suggest to Brezhnev that Soviet cooperation—meaning putting pressure

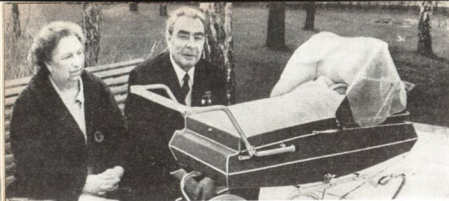
ular—is a certain uneasiness in Europe. No one questions that the Nixon-Brezhnev meeting is a necessary move in the strategy of détente. But there has long been an endemic suspicion that the superpowers might make a bilateral deal that would be to the detriment of Europeans—a suspicion that has been enhanced by Watergate and the danger that a seriously weakened President might try to recoup by concluding something spectacular. Last week Secretary of State Rogers departed from the text of his speech at the NATO foreign ministers' meeting in Copenhagen to reassure the Atlantic allies that Nixon would make no agreements with Brezhnev that would be detrimental to their interests.

The Japanese are apprehensive that Moscow will seek to use favorable agreements with the U.S. or West Germany to pressure Tokyo into more favorable terms in the joint exploitation and development of Siberian gas and oil. The Russians are seeking \$1 billion in credits from Tokyo for the 2,000-

vous energy that sometimes evoke comparisons with Lyndon Johnson. He is a natty dresser, tending to dark suits for day and blue suede jackets for informal wear. He can also be vain and demanding; he is the only Soviet leader to wear TV makeup. "He has a keen eye for that little red light on the TV camera," observes a U.S. official.

Beneath the bonhomie, say officials who have sat in on discussions with him, he is a very cautious politician. Though much more surefooted now than in his earlier years at the top, he is still not totally at ease in foreign affairs and relies heavily on Gromyko.

"You have the feeling that he has worked out the entire scenario in advance, and he is sticking to it all the way," says one observer. He loves to talk late at night, trying to wear down his opponents, and often stays at the table until the small hours. A joke about his 1971 visit to France is being recalled these days in Washington. As Brezhnev left Paris, a French journalist remarked: "One more negotiating session and



BREZHNEV &amp; WIFE VIKTORIA WITH GRANDDAUGHTER IN MOSCOW PARK

France would have been in the Warsaw Pact."

Brezhnev's principal relaxations are hunting and cars. He is occasionally seen driving his Citroën-Maserati sports car (a gift from Pompidou) or his Cadillac Eldorado (given him by Nixon). As a result of his Bonn summit, he has a Mercedes 450, and his Kremlin garage also holds a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud. He has a splendid dacha in Zavidova, 70 miles away from Moscow, equipped with swimming pool and sauna, high-speed boats for dashing along the Volga, and a vast duck and boar-hunting preserve.

Hunting guests—who have included Henry Kissinger and Helmut Sonnenfeldt of the National Security Council—are customarily supplied with complete outfits, including boots and a high-powered rifle with a telescopic sight. The hunters sit on chairs on carpeted platforms waiting for the boars to come for corn meal that has been spread in regular feeding places. After 20 or 25 minutes, the boars arrive, the hunters fire (from 50 yards) and the animals are dressed for the freezer. Afterward, there is a picnic of vodka and sandwiches.

In Moscow, Brezhnev lives with his wife Viktoria and his 86-year-old mother in a five-room apartment in a complex reserved for high officials. His daughter Galina has worked for the Novosti Press Agency, and his son Yuri is a trade official. Though Brezhnev relishes the perks of power, he lives relatively simply. He often rolls up his sleeves and cooks for old comrades from his home town Dneprodzerzhinsk.

Inside the Politburo, he is known as a tough infighter—a reputation that is supported by his survival during the

Stalin years. He owed his rise to Khrushchev, who recognized his abilities as a party leader in the Ukraine and rewarded him with supervision of the "Virgin Lands" agricultural program and, eventually, full membership in the Presidium. Khrushchev's destalinization policies and his mania for economic and party reorganization displeased Brezhnev, who is believed to have had a major role in his ouster.

Since Brezhnev's accession to power, there has been a steady erosion of intellectual and personal freedom. Russia is not in the grip of anything like full-blown Stalinism, but police control is more rigid than in the Khrushchev era and ideological conformity is the strident order of the day. In April, Defense Minister Andrei Grechko and KGB Chief Yuri Andropov were elevated to the Politburo. It was the first time that the Soviet secret police had been represented in the party's governing hierarchy since Stalin's death.

**Computer Communism.** By training, Brezhnev is an engineer. His ambition, in the words of one observer, is "to replace the 'goulash Communism' of Khrushchev with 'computer Communism.'" Yet 1972 was the Soviet economy's most sluggish year since 1964—Khrushchev's last year in power. Growth of national income, industrial production and per capita income all fell sharply. Production of consumer items once again suffered setbacks. Crops were 15% off target. Moscow was forced to shell out almost \$2 billion in hard currency for foreign grains, causing a serious balance of payments deficit. The grain purchases are apparently so politically embarrassing that their magnitude has been concealed from the Soviet public.

Will expanding trade and importing Western technology produce a more efficient economy? The Russians believe so. Western economists remain to be convinced. The foremost impediment to Soviet economic development, they say, is their system of rigid controls and centralization. One sign of progress is the development of a new class of pragmatic, science-minded industrial managers. Some have studied abroad; virtually all speak English, the accepted language of international business.

Moscow has become something of a mecca for American businessmen. The archetypal American capitalist, David Rockefeller, has just opened a branch of his Chase Manhattan Bank at 1 Karl Marx Square; Chase will shortly be followed by Bank of America and First National City. In recent weeks, Soviet-American cooperation has been toasted in gallons of vodka, champagne and cognac in the name of *mir i druzhba*—peace and friendship.

If Western technology and capital promise to help develop Siberia and build trucks and Pepsi-Cola canneries, they also carry political risks for Brezhnev and his comrades. Inevitably, Western involvement will bring new pres-



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In the snow, "The Thing" is a warm 4 door soft top.  
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# A General Electric Potscrubber dishwasher is guaranteed to do this. Or we'll take it back.



**Before**

**After**

The pot on the left has the remains of a baked bean casserole.

The unretouched picture on the right is the same pot after it has been scrubbed with the brushless water action of one of our Potscrubber dishwashers with Power Scrub™ Cycle. Nothing else was done to this pot. No pre-scrubbing. No rinsing. We washed it along with a full load of 88 other dirty dishes, glasses and silverware.

You'll get the same results as we have if you'll follow our simple loading diagrams for different sizes and types of loads.

Instructions are provided with

every Potscrubber we sell.

That's why we can give this guarantee:

"Buy any one of our Potscrubber\* dishwashers with a Power Scrub Cycle from a participating GE dealer before December 31, 1973.

If you're not fully satisfied with its performance (and you'll be the judge) notify the dealer within 30 days of your purchase. He'll take back the dishwasher and refund your money. No questions asked."

In addition to pots and pans, you can also safely

wash fine china and crystal.

We make a line of Potscrubber models to fit into a lot of different kitchens. Three built-ins. Three front-load convertibles, portable now, can be built in later.

These are some of the reasons why more people use GE dishwashers than any others.

We also have a quality feature just as dependable as our Potscrubber.

Customer Care... Service Everywhere.\* This is our pledge that wherever you are, or go, in the U.S.A., you'll find a qualified GE serviceman nearby. Should you ever need him. **The incredible Potscrubber dishwasher... another reason why GE is America's #1 major appliance value.**



**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

\*Our Potscrubber dishwashers with Power Scrub Cycle are models GSD or GSC 861, 661, 461, GSC 436 and GSM 560.

## THE WORLD

tures to bear on the insulated Soviet society. Western bankers have told Russian officials that they will have to give more information on plans and resources to qualify for major credits.\*

The problems in trade illuminate the differences between and basic complexities of the two societies: how does a state that tightly controls its economy and society negotiate with hundreds of private corporations? So far, diplomacy has provided a superstructure for cooperation. But there is a sense in some Washington quarters that any more cooperation and conciliation, without comparable gestures from the Soviets, would not necessarily be in the U.S. national interest.

**"Vested Interests."** The pertinent question is no longer whether there should be trade between East and West, but how much and on what terms. The Soviet Union, which is not a poor country by world standards, is seeking terms like those that would be granted a developing nation. Yet Brezhnev in his interview with newsmen last week made clear that the Russians are not about to part with their vast natural wealth without exacting a stiff price. The question the U.S. will have to ask itself is how much of its substantial resources should be funneled into the Soviet economy, for what benefits, at what risks and what long-term costs. In foreign affairs, the benefits are already considerable and should become more so. Kissinger said last year the U.S. aim was to create a broad network of "vested interests" that would qualify the foreign policies of both countries.

In Soviet domestic affairs, the situation is different. Samuel Pizar, the brilliant international lawyer, has argued that the only way the West can conquer the East is "with the tender sword of commercial and industrial cooperation, and the human freedoms that go with it." There is much to be said for the view that trade is an ideological lever. But there is no conclusive evidence that freedom and commerce necessarily go together.

Indeed, high Administration officials concede that the U.S. is also coming to the point where it must face the issue of whether an essentially totalitarian system and an essentially open system can have a genuinely organic relationship that goes beyond a joint stake in survival and certain commercial deals. In the view of the more demanding U.S. policymakers, the long-range test of détente may be the Soviets' willingness to change their own system internally. So far there is no sign of that. But for the moment it is at least refreshing—and hopeful—to see Leonid Brezhnev in Washington, talking trade and courting the U.S. on television.

\*One small but possibly telling portent occurred last week. The trade-union newspaper *Trud* reported that a much ballyhooed Siberian power generator supposedly put in service five years ago had in fact burned out at the factory and never been installed. Western economic analysts could not recall a case of similar candor.

## INDOCHINA

# Pursuing Peace by Communiqué

Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger and North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho have spent more than 45 hours parleying in Paris during the past month, trying to salvage last January's Indochina cease-fire agreement. The product of their labors did not quite seem commensurate with the effort. Last week they produced a "communiqué" that even the Viet Cong's Provisional Revolutionary Government (P.R.G.) and the usually recalcitrant government of South Viet Nam could affix their names to at a stiff ceremony inside Paris' International Conference Center.

Stripped of its diplomatic jargon, the 14-point, 2,500-word document merely directed all parties to work harder to make the January agreement succeed. To emphasize this, the negotiators liberally sprinkled the communiqué with such earnest phrases as "strictly observe," "scrupulously implement" and "without delay."

The communiqué called for a complete cease-fire last Friday, a ban on the infiltration of all new troops and matériel except replacements for those lost by attrition, a repatriation of all captured military and civilian personnel, a return of both Vietnamese forces to positions they occupied in January, and a renewed effort to determine the fate of men missing in action. For its part, the U.S. agreed to end all aerial reconnaissance over North Viet Nam, to resume minesweeping operations in North Vietnamese waters, and to pursue the talks for economic aid to Hanoi.

**Lacked Teeth.** Under the terms of the January cease-fire, virtually all these conditions should have been fulfilled by now. That they have not more or less confirms the criticism that the January agreement lacked teeth from the start. Yet the communiqué provides no new enforcement mechanism.

Most of the slight modifications of the January accords reflected in the communiqué resulted from the obstructionist tactics of South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu and the demands of the P.R.G. (TIME, June 18). Thieu was able to prevent the communiqué from describing the areas under Communist control in terms that could imply a permanent secession from South Viet Nam. The Communists gained a few points also. The communiqué ignored Thieu's insistence that national elections be held early and that the estimated 145,000 North Vietnamese troops withdraw from the South.

There is one fairly devastating measure of what the talks apparently did not accomplish. The communiqué disposes of Cambodia in one sentence, stating merely that "Article 20 of the [January] agreement regarding Cambodia and Laos shall be scrupulously implemented." Yet fierce fighting still rages



KISSINGER & THO IN PARIS, NOVEMBER 23 ...



... IN PARIS, MAY 23 ...



... IN PARIS, JUNE 13

along the access routes to Phnom-Penh, as U.S. warplanes continue flying combat missions. Kissinger implied that he has a tacit understanding with Tho that could bring peace to Cambodia and Laos (where fighting has stopped but no progress toward a political settlement has been made). Tho has denied that there is any understanding, secret or otherwise.

Kissinger also found little understanding when he personally begged congressional leaders not to cut off funds for U.S. bombing in Cambodia until he concluded his negotiations. Five hours later, the Senate responded by voting 67-15 to enact the most sweeping fund cutoff in the history of the Indochina war. If the House-Senate conference committee concurs, the bill will end all past, present and future appropriations for U.S. combat on the ground, in the air and upon the waters anywhere in Indochina without prior approval of Congress.



## SOUTH VIET NAM

# Butterflies and Spiders in I Corps

*Khe Sanh. The Rock Pile. Hamburger Hill. Con Thien. The faint echoes of these and other bloody battles of the Indochina war rumble across I Corps,\* the northernmost military region of South Viet Nam. During last year's Easter offensive, the Communists captured most of the area; today it is the scene of a curious military standoff. Recently TIME Saigon Bureau Chief Gavin Scott visited I Corps—officially known as Military Region I—and cabled this report:*

The young Vietnamese pilot skillfully eased the helicopter down into what the U.S. 101st Airborne Division used to call Firebase Veghel, named after a Dutch town into which units of the division jumped during the second World War. It is now called Ta Lung, and its guns form part of the forward defense perimeter of Huế. Fixed enemy positions are less than five miles to the west. Considering its front-line position, Ta Lung seemed remarkably bucolic. To be sure, if enemy guns shell the area, Ta Lung's guns respond to silence them. For the most part, however, the 20 infantrymen who hold the firebase simply sit, wait, and gaze up the valley, polishing their weapons and drinking cans

\*Pronounced "Eye Corps." The U.S. military command divided South Viet Nam into four military regions, which were designated by Roman numerals. In G.I. jargon, the I came to be pronounced as the ninth letter of the alphabet.

### REMNANTS OF QUANG TRI



of Budweiser beer from the seemingly inexhaustible stock the G.I.s left behind.

Colonel Vo Toan, the district commander, described what he calls the "spider-web" tactics employed at Ta Lung: "We make sure the enemy doesn't venture too far. He is the butterfly and we are the spider. If he enters our web, we close in behind him. Then he has no supplies, no food, no medicine, and that is not good for him. But mostly we just try to shoo him away, using our loudspeaker [a makeshift bit of equipment fashioned from old Pepsi-Cola cans] to shout at him, 'Hey, you better get out! You are breaking the cease-fire!' And usually he does."

A strange sort of camaraderie prevails at Ta Lung. "In the mornings," says Colonel Toan, "the enemy likes to taunt us. 'Time to get up!' the Communist political officer shouts at us. Once I told them that we were eating duck. Because they have so little food they didn't believe me. So I held up a duck by its neck so they could see that we really did have some."

**Booby Traps.** Today the Communists' six divisions hold two-thirds of I Corps' land but control only about 15,000 of its 3.4 million people. Arrayed against the North Vietnamese are five South Vietnamese divisions. Contacts with the Communists in I Corps' two most battered provinces, Quang Tri and Thua Thien, have dropped sharply in recent months—from 1,200 in February to below 300 in May.

Such fighting as there is consists largely of mortar attacks on South Vietnamese positions, mining roads, placing booby traps and occasional kidnappings of village and hamlet chiefs. While the North Vietnamese army has moved in additional men and matériel, it does not seem interested in launching a major offensive soon. Rather, it appears to be restoring what it expended during the 1972 spring fighting and hardening its grip on what it won.

The North Vietnamese have lengthened the old U.S. Marine airstrip at Khe Sanh from 4,000 ft. to 5,250 ft.—long enough to accommodate MIG-19 jets. They are also improving airstrips at eight other sites, as well as widening and modernizing the old network of French-built roads. While the military value of the roads is obvious, they can also form the backbone of a social infrastructure. As one American official puts it: "With roads, the North Vietnamese can bring in the stuff of life—the paper clips for a bureaucracy, the beginnings of a postal system, school supplies, the works."

Saigon is also concentrating on solidifying its position. Early last month the South Vietnamese reopened the old French railroad from Danang to Huế. Twice daily, passenger trains—with heavily armed troops riding shotgun



ARVN SOLDIER & MEGAPHONE  
Epithets and camaraderie.

—puff along in each direction. In Danang, about 3,000 of the city's refugees and unemployed have been hired by the government at 65¢ per day to help rebuild the city. Identified by their powder blue vests, they lay new sidewalks, clean drains, and will plant some 300,000 trees along the beaches.

Of the more than 500,000 refugees generated in I Corps by last year's offensive, 365,000 remain in 79 squalid camps, most on the site of former U.S. barracks. By the end of the year the Saigon government hopes to resettle all the refugees. Recently, the first 24,000 moved into new wood-and-tin huts at seven villages near Hai Lang in Quang Tri province. With their teeming marketplaces, the new communities are virtually indistinguishable from villages elsewhere in Viet Nam. Yet U.S. officials wonder how these people will fare on the poor soil after their government supply of rice runs out in six months.

One city that will not be resettled is Quang Tri, which was completely destroyed in the seesaw battles that followed the Easter offensive. It is a modern-day Dresden, with not a single building intact, nor a yelping dog, nor a piece of washing on the line. No one lives there, apart from some members of the International Commission of Control and Supervision and a small South Vietnamese army contingent. Across the river from the dead city, the Viet Cong recently erected a huge green flagpole; their banner flutters merrily as ARVN and NVA loudspeakers hurl epithets at each other.

Surveying the scene, a South Vietnamese general simply shrugged. "I suppose we ought to turn Quang Tri into a tourist attraction. Maybe we could sell bricks from the citadel at \$2 a piece."



## SPAIN

## The Admiral Steers to Starboard

He is, by all accounts, the very model of a modern Spanish admiral. Which is to say that Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, Spain's new President, is a conservative to the roots of his beetle brows. In presenting his new Cabinet last week for the approval of the country's venerable Chief of State Francisco Franco, 80, he proved precisely that.

Gone was outward-looking Foreign Minister Gregorio López Bravo, replaced by politically conservative, economically adventurous Laureano López Rodó, formerly Minister of Planning and Development. Out was Interior Minister Tomás Garicano Goyi; replacing him was Madrid Mayor Carlos Arias Navarro, a tough, no-nonsense administrator who was formerly director of security of the National Movement (Spain's sole legal political party). Of eleven new Cabinet members, five are closely identified with the movement or its predecessor, the Falange. So is the newly named Vice President, Torcuato Fernandez-Miranda y Hevia. Overall, the admiral's crew seemed to represent a sharp turn away from the Europe-oriented Cabinet of technocrats installed by Franco 3½ years ago. Behind the changes, aside from Franco's wish to drop some of the day-to-day routine, was pressure from the right, which was unhappy with López Bravo's foreign policy.

The day after the government shifts were announced, the Madrid stock market jumped—a sure sign that Spain's rich and emergent middle class approved Carrero Blanco's emphatic reinforcement of authoritarianism. Other Spaniards—not necessarily all leftists—felt that the regime was on a collision course with reality in trying to ignore the country's yearning for more intellectual and political freedom.

**Tough on Gibraltar.** With few exceptions, the new Cabinet members are notable more for their loyalty than for their innovative tendencies. Perhaps the ablest of the lot is López Rodó, 52, a devoted member of the political-religious organization Opus Dei, to which he contributes his income; he does not drink, hates to travel and resides in an Opus Dei dormitory. López Rodó served as Planning Minister from 1962 to this year, and is one of the men directly responsible for Spain's current economic boom. He is regarded as anti-British but pro-American, and may be considerably tougher than his predecessor on the Gibraltar issue. Portending a resurgence of Falangist political activity is the appointment of Vice President Fernandez-Miranda, who retains his portfolio as minister secretary of the National Movement.

For Prince Juan Carlos, 35, waiting patiently in the wings to become

King once Franco dies or retires, the new governmental setup offers a small additional degree of political authority. For the first time, he has the ceremonial right to approve new Cabinet members: Carrero Blanco's first act, after taking his oath of office, was to call on Juan Carlos at Zarzuela Palace and submit the list of new ministers. Predictably, there were no princely objections. The prince may now attend Cabinet meetings, another new prerogative. (In the past, he was briefed on discussions.) Most Spaniards who want change pin their hopes on the prince, whom they regard as being more liberal than Franco or Carrero Blanco. For the time being, however, Juan Carlos was simply faced with another wait. Was he bored? "The prince is very shrewd, very cool, very cautious," says a longtime friend. "Twenty years of eating thorns for breakfast makes a man very tough."

## GERMANY

## Watergate am Rhine

*"I, Julius Steiner, hereby make the worst confession in my life. I am aware that in doing so I am disclosing the greatest scandal in the history of West Germany."*

With these words, Steiner, a former Deputy in the West German Bundestag, admitted that in April 1972 he sold his vote to keep Chancellor Willy Brandt in power. Writing in last week's issue of the illustrated weekly *Quick*, Steiner (who is currently in hiding, probably outside Germany), confessed that he received 50,000 marks (about \$20,000)

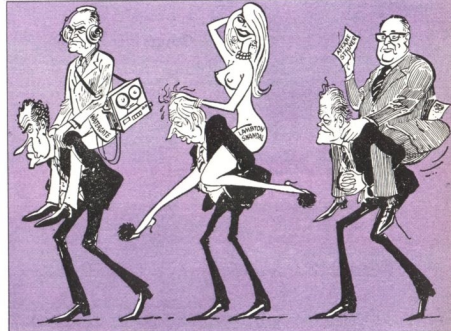
from a member of Brandt's Social Democratic Party to abstain in a secret vote of confidence on the Brandt coalition government. By not voting against Brandt, Steiner betrayed his own party, the opposition Christian Democratic Union (C.D.U.), which expected to oust the Chancellor (TIME, May 8, 1972). Thanks to Steiner's abstention, and that of another as yet unidentified C.D.U. deputy, Brandt squeaked through with a razor-thin two-vote margin.

Steiner's confession was the latest, and most startling, in a series of revelations about a political scandal that West Germans have dubbed *Watergate am Rhine*. Although substantially different from the scandal enveloping the White House, the Steiner affair involves not just bribery but cover-up attempts and even espionage. It could cause considerable embarrassment—or worse—for Brandt and his coalition government. Already Bonn's cocktail-party circuit talks of little else but the scandal.

For the past month, the West German press has been publishing stories hinting that bribery had saved the Brandt government. When Steiner's name first appeared, he admitted that he abstained from voting against Brandt, but did so, he insisted, for ideological reasons, not for money. But then, à la Watergate, bits and pieces of evidence surfaced. The national daily *Die Welt* reported that shortly after last year's crucial Bundestag vote, Steiner bought himself two Mercedes and a Mini-Cooper.

Finally Steiner confessed—but not before dropping another bombshell. He claimed that since fall 1972 he had been a double agent, ostensibly supplying East German intelligence with inside

SUGGESTION OF PDS



German cartoonist's view of three national scandals.

## THE WORLD

dope on the C.D.U., while also reporting to West Germany's own internal security force.

The momentum of the scandal builds as West Germany's press features it on Page One every day. As with Washington's Watergate, newspapers and magazines frantically scramble to dig up new clues with which to scoop each other. Brandt's spirited C.D.U. opponents have enthusiastically embraced the Steiner affair as a means of discrediting the Chancellor. They have demanded that a Bundestag special investigatory committee, established last week, find out whether Brandt knew about the bribes and whether the internal security force deliberately failed to inform the C.D.U. that Steiner was giving information about the party to East Germany.

The Chancellor has welcomed the investigation, declaring his willingness to testify before the committee. Yet, even if it appears that he did not know about the bribes, the deepening mess will likely dim his image. More worrisome, the corruption and venality in Bonn that the investigation is revealing could, in the extreme, topple Brandt. His demise could rekindle the familiar fears about the stability of West Germany's relatively young democratic institutions that accompany the nation's major political crises.

## BRITAIN

### Word Worry

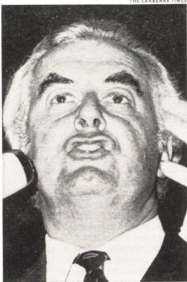
Who is a Jew? Talmudic scholars, rabbinical courts and even the Israeli Cabinet have long argued the question. The English language has answers of its own—some of them offensive to Jew and non-Jew alike. For 35 years the Board of Deputies of British Jews, Britain's equivalent to the American B'nai B'rith, has tried to persuade lexicographers to change certain definitions in dictionaries. It has had scant luck with the editors of the magisterial *Oxford English Dictionary*, the most complete and authoritative record in existence of what English is and has been. Next month Marcus Shloimovitz, a 67-year-old textile salesman from Manchester, will take the argument one step further—to the High Court of Justice.

Shloimovitz has no complaint about the *O.E.D.'s* first definition of a Jew: "A person of Hebrew race; an Israelite." He does, however, object to the second: "As a name of opprobrium or reproach; spec. applied to a grasping or extortionate money-lender or usurer, or a trader who drives hard bargains or deals craftily." Acting as his own lawyer, Shloimovitz will ask the court to force the *O.E.D.* to delete definition No. 2 from all future printings.

To which R.W. Burchfield, the *O.E.D.'s* chief editor, replies, in effect, "balderdash." He told the Philological Society that "we are concerned with the

accurate recording of language, not what people think it should be." Burchfield's chief concession to his lexicographical critics has been to include in the supplement's definition of Jew a historical note explaining how Jews became known as money-lenders in England during the Middle Ages.

If by chance Shloimovitz does win his case, the *O.E.D.* will undoubtedly have other aggrieved readers in the courtroom. Among them might be thousands of irate Yorkshiremen. "Yorkshire," says the dictionary, is sometimes used to refer to "the boorishness, cunning sharpness or trickery attributed to Yorkshire people."



PRIME MINISTER WHITLAM

## AUSTRALIA

### Gough in a Trough

Little more than six months ago, Gough Whitlam bounded into office with all the bounce of a caged kangaroo suddenly given the run of a green pasture. The first Labor Party leader to become Prime Minister of Australia in 23 years, he was fairly bursting with energy and new ideas (TIME, March 26). In February, a poll indicated that 62% of Australians approved of what he was doing. Whitlam is still bouncing, but fewer Aussies are marveling.

According to the most recent public opinion poll, approval of Whitlam has slipped to 51%. More significantly, another poll indicated that support for the Labor Party had slid to 44% last month, down from the 50% it received in the December general election. If another election had coincided with that poll, the conservative Liberal-Country

Party coalition might have found itself back in federal power. The Liberal Party demonstrated its strength at the state level last month by increasing its majority over Labor in Victoria. Australian state elections often do not reflect federal voting patterns, but Whitlam had incautiously characterized the Victoria contest in advance as a sounding board for his policies.

Whitlam has had other problems. Although his government introduced a record number of 114 bills in its first parliamentary session, many of them promised more improvements in the quality of life than he could immediately deliver. Complained the political correspondent of *The Australian*, a national daily that was one of the few major newspapers to have supported Whitlam's election: "[The bills] are like much of Labor's initial six months—long on potential but short on performance." Most important to voters, perhaps, Whitlam's government has failed to curb the inflation rate of 8%. Australians, long spoiled by a plenitude of jobs, seem less moved by Whitlam's success in reducing unemployment to 1.53%.

**Dawn Raids.** Whitlam continues to suffer from the actions of some members of his erratic Cabinet. Attorney General Lionel Murphy got him into a mess by overreacting to complaints by the Yugoslav government about Croatian terrorists' using Australia as a training ground. Murphy personally led an extraordinary invasion of the Australian Security Intelligence Organization to unearth files that had supposedly been withheld from him. It was rather as if a U.S. Attorney General had stormed the FBI. Shortly after that incident, federal and New South Wales state police staged dawn raids on 68 Croatian homes. Australians barely had time to complain about "police-state methods" when they were horrified to learn that Yugoslavia had surreptitiously executed three alleged Croatian terrorists who held Australian citizenship. Whitlam, to his credit, rebuked both Murphy and the Yugoslav government.

One of Whitlam's biggest problems is federal-state relations. A strong believer in increased federal powers, he has already collided with all six state premiers (three of them fellow Laborites) over his plans to give Canberra control over offshore resources. This month, four of the premiers went to London to seek the support of the Queen and Britain's Privy Council. Whitlam, not coincidentally, has already asked Britain to end the Privy Council's role as the last court of appeal for Australian litigants.

Most of Whitlam's successes to date have been in the field of foreign affairs. His swift recognition of China—an act endorsed even by the opposition—has led to important new trade ties. His dogged opposition to proposed French nuclear tests in the South Pacific has earned him widespread acclaim. The

\*When Christians were prohibited by canon law from engaging in money lending because they would be sinfully guilty of usury, Jews, who were barred from most other occupations, took on the disdained but necessary job.

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John D. Harper, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, ALCOA, in the Lobby Court, Century Plaza Hotel, Los Angeles.

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Labor government's skillful renegotiation of mining contracts with Japan (to offset revaluation of the Australian dollar) pleasantly surprised the Australian business community.

In addition, Whitlam has had amiable, prestige-building conversations with Queen Elizabeth II, Prime Minister Heath of Britain, President Suharto of Indonesia, Prime Minister Gandhi of India, and Pope Paul VI. But there is one notable world leader with whom he continues to lack rapport. Richard Nixon, who could not find time to see Whitlam when he was opposition leader, seems no more eager to meet him as Prime Minister. Possibly still angered by the sniping of Australian Cabinet ministers over the U.S. bombing of Hanoi last December, the President has yet to invite Whitlam to the White House. For his part, the Australian leader says that he plans to stop over in Washington anyway in late July, on his way from Mexico to Canada.

In fact, Whitlam seems unfazed either by Washington's coolness or by his troubles at home. Asked by a newsman how long he expected to be Prime Minister, the 56-year-old former lawyer grandly answered: "I am determined to give up the job before I am 65."

## JAPAN

### Marxism's "Sonic Boom"

"We respect Karl Marx for setting out the basic lines of socialism," says Kenji Miyamoto, chief of Japan's Communist Party. "But this does not mean that we are absolved from using our own brains in adapting Marx's tenets to the realities of modern Japan." Miyamoto is understating the case. Japan's Communist Party has not only adapted to the realities of a democratic country but has also forced the ruling Liberal Democratic Party to adapt itself to the unpleasant reality of a strong Communist opposition.

Although they have less than 10% of the seats in the Diet's all-powerful lower house, the Communists have nonetheless managed to stall or stymie the government of Premier Kakuei Tanaka on several major issues. Through street demonstrations and a boycott of parliament, which the other opposition parties joined, they forced Tanaka to drop a redistributing reform bill that would have virtually ensured the Liberal Democrats a permanent majority in parliament. They also played a major role in the political maneuvering that led to the embarrassing cancellation of Emperor Hirohito's planned state visit to the U.S. If Tanaka is forced by circumstance to resign as Premier before the completion of his three-year term, chances are that the Communists will be held chiefly responsible.

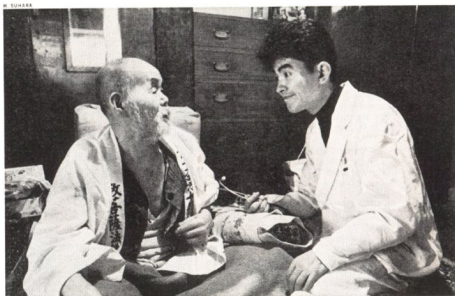
The Communist surge—one Tokyo daily calls it a "sonic boom"—is as sudden as it is startling. When Tanaka, sup-

posedly at the peak of his popularity, called an election last fall, he discovered that the chief gainer was not his own Liberal Democratic Party but the Communists, who raised their representation in the Diet's 491-seat lower chamber from 14 to 39 (with another guaranteed vote from a left-wing ally). With a party membership of only 300,000, the Communists had attracted 5,500,000 votes, 10.5% of all ballots cast. Gains in local elections have been even more striking: roughly one-third of the population, mostly in the big cities, is governed by Communist-backed mayors and assemblymen. Although the union-backed Socialist Party, with 118 seats, is the largest opposition party in the Diet, the Communists have taken over the intellectual leadership of the antigovernment forces.

The Communists' success has been a long time in preparation. Ruthlessly

roots issues and make plain their independence from foreign influence. Almost alone among the world's Communists, the Japanese party feuds with both the Russians and the Chinese. Among other matters, Tokyo's Reds have quarreled with Moscow's Reds over the international Communist movement and with Peking's refusal to join with the Russians in a common front to help the Indochinese Communists.

The party's attention to the problems of the dissatisfied, unrepresented little man has paid off handsomely. For ten years, the women of a Kyoto suburb fought vainly for a water system that would end their long walks to wells or the polluted Oseki River. Only when the Communists took up their cause did the local government come up with the money. In Tokyo the Communists have fought against high-rise projects that would block sunlight to small house-



DOCTOR TREATING PATIENT AT COMMUNIST-ORGANIZED TOKYO CLINIC  
Helping the needy has paid off handsomely.

suppressed after its founding in 1922, the party re-emerged after World War II with a commitment to peaceful democratic evolution. Thanks largely to this low-profile platform, it gained 35 seats in the 1949 elections. The Korean War brought new East-West tensions, however. Reversing course under pressure from Moscow, the Communists adopted a more militant stance that earned them the image of a "Molotov cocktail party." U.S. occupation authorities banned many Communist leaders from political life, and the 1952 elections left the party with no seats at all in the Diet.

In 1958, reformers, led by Miyamoto and Sanzo Nosaka, the Communists' grand old man, gained control. Aided by two brilliant brothers, Koichiro Ueda, now the editor of the party paper *Akahata*, and Tetsuzo Fuwa, now the secretary general, Miyamoto and Nosaka outlined a policy that would stress grass-

holders and have helped to provide a 24-hour, free medical clinic. Even in the countryside, which is still dominated by the Liberal Democrats, the Communists are gaining by resisting big corporations that speculate in land and by fighting the "threat" of farm imports.

Some political analysts believe that the Communists are approaching the peak of their power, and that many people who voted for them last year were simply protesting the business-oriented policies of the Liberal Democratic Party. For the moment, anyway, a Communist majority in Japan seems unthinkable. Earlier this month, in fact, the rival Socialists rebuffed a Communist proposal to start talks for a popular-front coalition. Still, the real question is whether Tanaka's party will take the voters' warning to heart and carry out the social reforms that would make a Communist majority truly impossible.

"The most unique trade in baseball history," Susanne had gigglingly called it when the press learned that her husband, Yankee Pitcher **Mike Kekich**, and his best buddy, Yankee Pitcher **Fritz Peterson**, had exchanged wives. The new arrangement did not take, and Mike ended up losing not only Susanne, his kids, Fritz and Fritz's wife—but his dog as well. The final blow: Mike himself was bartered last week to the Cleveland Indians for Minor League Pitcher Lowell Palmer.

"Go home and forget the war" went the disk jockey's sexy, close-to-the-mike line to the G.I.s. Broadcasting from Berlin, alongside her German lover, Mildred Gillars, alias "**Axis Sally**," sandwiched Nazi propaganda between records by "**der Bingle**" Crosby. Her broadcasts eventually drew Mildred a twelve-year stretch in a federal prison for women. Out on parole in 1961, she taught French and German in a suburban school. A long-ago dropout from Ohio Wesleyan University (she had been the first coed to wear knickers on campus in 1920), Mildred, at 72, quietly finished work for her degree—an A.B. in speech.

Her husband Joe and her sons Joe Jr., Jack, Bobby and Teddy had all been Harvard men. In Harwich Port, Mass., at the class of '38's reunion, **Rose Kennedy**, 82, thanked Joe Jr.'s classmates for their gift of roses and a pewter bowl in memory of the Navy lieutenant whose fatal plane crash in 1944 had been the family's first violent tragedy.

Was that really **Elizabeth Taylor's** face under the faded blue denim cap? Sure enough, Liz and **Richard Burton** had landed at Kennedy Airport on one of their guest appearances in the U.S. They were off to Quogue, Long Island, and then to Arizona to see Liz's mother. In July, Richard will star in a film from a Pirandello short story and Liz in the cinematic adaptation of Muriel Spark's chiller *The Driver's Seat*. But Richard

still maintains that some day he's going to throw it all over and become an Oxford don. According to Oxford, it is up to him to choose the date.

There is only one class on the *Lermontov*, the first Soviet passenger ship to sail into New York harbor in 25 years. One member of that classless society was Composer **Dmitry Shostakovich**, 66, who after disembarking with his wife Irina, took in *Aida*, one of his favorites, at the Metropolitan Opera. Shostakovich was on his way to get an honorary degree from Northwestern University. After talking to the composer about his visit to the campus, his host, Dr. Irwin Weil, said, "I feel like I've just talked to Beethoven."

"You showed you could do it... get rid of your suet," sang **Bob Hope** to the tune of *Applause*. His Manhattan au-

dience of losers was celebrating the tenth anniversary of Weight Watchers International Inc. and cheering their heroine, Founder **Jean Nidetch**, who shrank from 214 lbs. to 142 lbs. in 1962. "Isn't this something?" she asked, happily noting that a few years ago these same 16,500 people could not have squeezed into a hall even as cavernous as Madison Square Garden.

Two years ago, when the trustees approved of Dartmouth going coed, Robert Fish, 76, of Los Altos, Calif., wrote the *Alumni Magazine* to say that

THE NEW YORK TIMES



THE SHOSTAKOVICHES COME ASHORE



LIZ LANDS WITH DICK



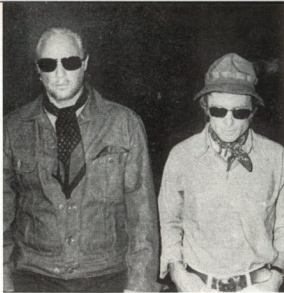
SHIRLEY WHEELS DARTMOUTH FAN

ROSE GETS ROSES FROM JOE JR.'S ROOMMATE AT HIS 35TH CLASS REUNION





RON GALELLA



RON GALELLA'S JAW &amp; THE PICTURE OF BRANDO &amp; CAVETT THAT BROKE IT



BOB &amp; JEAN CELEBRATE ANNIVERSARY

he was all for the controversial decision and Actress **Shirley MacLaine** was the sort of woman he hoped would enroll. Moreover, he added jokingly, he'd be honored if Shirley would guide his wheelchair at his 55th reunion. When Fish turned up at Hanover, N.H., with the class of '18, who should be getting an honorary doctorate but Shirley MacLaine. Fish observed after she had wheeled him around: "A gallant lady."

It was a coup for **Cavett**: coaxing Actor **Marlon Brando** into his first TV interview. Dick promised that the taciturn actor could talk about his favorite cause, the American Indian. He did, and he also brought on a Cheyenne, a Paiute and a Lummi. Cavett wanted to hear about *Last Tango in Paris* ("I haven't seen the movie," muttered Brando) and *The Godfather* ("I don't want to talk about movies"). So the eve-

ning went. Later, on his way to dinner with Cavett, Brando got into a row with Ron Galella, the pesky persistent photographer whom **Jacqueline Onassis** had to fend off with a court order. Galella asked the actor to take off his dark glasses for another photograph. "No," said Brando bluntly, then swung with a right to the jaw. Galella fled to a hospital for nine stitches and a brace. The next day Brando was also admitted—for an infected right hand.

Decrying today's omnipresent pornography as "sly," the speaker at the American Booksellers Association convention in Los Angeles said he preferred obscenity because it is more "forthright." In fact, "pornography is killing sex." Not too surprising remarks from an octogenarian, except that the speaker happened to be **Henry Miller**, the granddaddy of the erotic novel (*Tropic of Cancer*). Skinflink Star **Linda Lovelace**, a fellow author (at 22 she has already written her autobiography) disagreed: "Sex was dead and films like *Deep Throat* are bringing it back to life."

No one at the reunion of Princeton's class of 1963 attracted as much buzzing attention as the pale, thin alumnus in a tan summer suit. Well-wishers from the class of 1948 stopped by to shake his hand, but conversation stopped short of his two days of Watergate testimony. **Hugh ("Duke") Sloan Jr.** was selling his house in Virginia and taking a job with the Budd Company, a manufacturer of transportation equipment in Philadelphia. "What was there to do?" he asked. "I would have just looked as if I was out there trying to slay dragons." Earlier in the spring, Sloan had submitted his picture for the class yearbook, a posed gathering of his parents, his wife and the Nixons outside the White House—a fitting photo to illustrate Princeton's unofficial motto: "In the Nation's Service."



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AFTERNOON TRAFFIC MOVES SLOWLY OUT OF DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES ALONG THE CROWDED SANTA MONICA FREEWAY

## ENVIRONMENT

### Life Without Cars?

Was it utopia or nightmare? The plan shocked state governments and businessmen alike. In announcing a sweeping new series of antipollution regulations last week, the Environmental Protection Agency outlined a fundamental, even traumatic change in an American culture that has grown deeply—and as the EPA believes, dangerously—dependent upon the automobile.

Gas would be rationed in some areas. Parking in major cities would be severely curtailed. New exhaust-control devices, although technically far from perfect, would be required on old as well as new cars. Most startlingly, the EPA proposals suggested that by 1977, limits on gasoline sales could force most automobiles off the streets of Los Angeles, a city almost totally dependent upon the internal combustion engine. The thrust of the proposed new controls would be to make it increasingly difficult for Americans to add their cars' pollution to the gases that already hover over the nation's major cities. Said acting EPA Administrator Robert Fri: "We are basically attacking the problem by asking people to change their habits, their longstanding intimate relation with the private automobile."

Among the EPA proposals:

- ▶ In the New Jersey suburbs of New York City, the plan could theoretically bring about a 60% reduction in auto traffic, a limit on motorcycle use, and a freeze on new parking facilities.

- ▶ In Boston, street parking would be banned in the central business region. A \$5-a-day surcharge would be imposed at parking lots. Vehicles would be prohibited in some downtown areas.

- ▶ In New York City, which drew up its own standards, taxi cruising

would be sharply reduced, as would parking, both on-street and off. Exclusive bus lanes would be created to encourage a switch to mass transportation. Truck deliveries would be forbidden except at night. New tolls would be imposed on all East River and Harlem River bridges that now are free.

- ▶ In Minneapolis, downtown parking would be prohibited and replaced by fringe parking on the outskirts of the city, with shuttle bus service to the business district.

- ▶ In Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, special bus lanes would be established. Parking downtown would be restricted, along with gasoline sales.

The other cities cited by the EPA were Springfield, Mass.; Indianapolis; Camden and Trenton, N.J.; Cincinnati, Dayton, Toledo; El Paso, Austin and Waco, Corpus Christi, Houston-Galveston, San Antonio and Dallas-Fort Worth. These areas, although somewhat cleaner, would be subject to similar measures.

In moving so boldly, EPA was essentially saying that the states themselves had not moved boldly enough. Under the Clean Air Act passed in 1970, urban areas that could not meet national clean-air standards,\* designed to protect human health, were told to propose cleanup plans that would meet these standards by 1975. Only a handful of states submitted adequate programs, in the opinion of the EPA. Of the urban areas cited last week, the only city to have its own plan accepted was New York; the other 18 flunked, or did not submit plans, and were assigned compliance schedules by the agency.

In the next few weeks, proposals

would be published for more cities, including Washington, D.C., San Francisco, San Diego, and Fairbanks, Alaska. Some will be able to meet national standards without new controls.

Immediately, the EPA announcement touched off protests nationwide—both from those whose businesses would be hurt by changing transportation patterns and from those who are responsible for enforcing the changes. Richard Sullivan, New Jersey's Commissioner of Environmental Protection, said the federal plan was unworkable and that his department would draw up "more realistic" proposals. The transportation assistant to Boston Mayor Kevin White described various requirements as "too drastic," "unenforceable" and "unfeasible."

**Wry Comment.** Fri, whose agency drew up the plans in a literal interpretation of the Clean Air Act, realized that scheduled public hearings will produce considerable modifications before the proposals become law on Aug. 15. "I'm not sure," Fri said wryly, "these are the results Congress intended."

Anticipating the protests that quickly followed his press conference in Washington, he indicated that he would be willing to go to the Hill on behalf of the cities that will be hit hardest. If some of the plans appear to be totally unrealistic because of the economic and social disruptions involved, the agency will go to Congress for what one EPA official termed "appropriate solutions." At the same time, the agency officials clearly feel that if cities are forced to begin implementing strong programs now, there will be more time to change them later on.

A number of cities have understandably begun to clamor for deadline extensions, and the EPA seems willing to

\*These standards place limits upon the concentration of such automotive emissions as carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxides.



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A full-page photograph of a person in a yellow coat and hat riding a dark horse across a grassy slope. The background is a massive, layered cliff face with horizontal strata, suggesting a desert or canyon environment. The sky is not visible, as the cliff face fills the upper portion of the frame.

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## ENVIRONMENT

relent in the tougher cases. The Government, with the approval of Congress, plans to grant two-year grace periods for Newark, Camden, Los Angeles, Boston and Houston, and one year for San Antonio, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. The strongest argument for the extra time is the unavailability of efficient, durable hardware to reduce emissions. What is important in the end, Mr. Mainwaring, is that "two and a half years after the Clean Air Act became law, we are facing up for the first time to the most profound implications of that law."

Clearly there will be negotiation and compromise in the coming months. EPA is fully aware that alternative transportation systems are inadequate in most cities. At the moment, for example, it is inconceivable that Los Angeles could function without the automobile. As much as anything, last week's bureaucratic barrage may have been sent up simply to gain everyone's attention. In that, it was certainly successful.

## Pollution Cannot Move

In addition to dealing with auto emissions, the clean air legislation of 1970 specified that each state devise its own scheme for controlling stationary pollution sources. By last spring, however, environmentalists had spotted a gaping loophole. Polluters could simply move their plants to states with cleaner air—provided their emissions stayed under federal limits for air pollutants. But last week the Supreme Court closed the loophole. The Justices held that no "significant deterioration" of air quality will be allowed in any part of any state.

Although the interpretation of "significant" remains to be thrashed out, the decision was a far-reaching achievement for the Sierra Club and three other groups, which brought the suit against the Environmental Protection Agency. The court essentially commanded that the nation's air—from Maine to the wide open West—be kept as clean as it is now. One particular target on the Sierra Club's list: an enormous complex of coal-burning power plants suggested for Wyoming and Montana. Any such development will now have to maintain the quality of the big sky country's air, already threatened by mining and other industries.

The suit grew out of EPA's contention last year that the law permitted states to let air quality slip in some areas as industries relocate from the polluted cities. Environmentalists countered that the law was not written to spread pollution around, but to clean it up. EPA then argued that the rule constitutes a *de facto* no-growth policy. Attorney Bruce Terris, who presented the case for the clean-air side, replies that the law still allows industrial growth—but not much air pollution. Thus, before moving their plants, managers will have to figure in the costs of effective antipollution controls—costs that will raise expenses for producer and consumer alike.

## SCIENCE

### Living It Up in Space

The three Skylab astronauts have been so busy coping with one crisis after another aboard America's first space station that they have had little time to consider one of the most important questions of their 28-day mission: What are the everyday problems of living and working in space over prolonged periods of time? Last week, as Skylab's troubles finally subsided, Astronauts Pete Conrad, Joe Kerwin and Paul Weitz began to verify some old answers and provide some new ones.

As earlier missions established, even the simplest tasks on earth can become extremely complicated in zero-G. When the astronauts tried to eat, for instance, they found that spoons fly off at the

body and to the shower compartment's walls. As a result, Kerwin said, "it takes forever to dry both one's self and the wall... even using that inadequate little vacuum cleaner that we've got." Skylab's toilet, in contrast, worked very efficiently. In fact, recalling the messy urine tubes and collection bags of earlier flights, Space Rookie Weitz said: "As a new boy hearing horror stories from the old hands, I was deliciously happy and surprised at the [toilet's] operation." But that facility, too, has shortcomings. Whenever an astronaut used it, the blowers and other gear made such a racket that his buddies in the neighboring sleeping compartment would invariably be jolted awake.

Otherwise, the astronauts had no trouble dozing. "You can sleep on your



CONRAD SIPPS WATER FROM DISPENSER



KERWIN TAKES BLOOD SAMPLE FROM CONRAD

Flying spoons, ricocheting salt, floating bread and tomatoes everywhere.

slightest touch and salt grains ricochet everywhere; food bags break, scattering their contents, and slices of bread float frustratingly out of reach. Even when they dug into some soft canned tomatoes, the astronauts created a mess; Conrad noted that he was "flinging tomatoes all over the place." Indeed, they had to spend up to 90 minutes each day on simple housekeeping chores.

**Noisy Toilet.** Personal hygiene has been no less of a nuisance. Besides ruining food, the high temperatures in the orbital workshop section (caused by the loss of its outer shielding) also ruptured two-thirds of Skylab's toothpaste tubes, as well as all of the containers of hand cream, stocked to lubricate the skin in the spacecraft's dry atmosphere. The astronauts could console themselves with once-a-week showers, but pleasant as the bathing was, it was also very taxing. Water tended to cling firmly to the

back, on your side, on your stomach," explained Conrad. Moving about was effortless in zero-G. "All you have to do is to aim and take off," said Conrad. But other ordinary activities were unexpectedly difficult. Because air pressure inside the cavernous ship is only 5 lbs. per sq. in. (v. 14.7 lbs. per sq. in. at sea level on earth), sound does not travel well. Thus, said Kerwin, "we're always hollering at each other. We're all hoarse up here." The astronauts also had trouble whistling—until Weitz found the knack: "You've got to hold your lips a little farther apart."

Zero-G did help the astronauts in an important experiment. Firing up their electronic furnace, they melted different materials in a test of techniques that could eventually lead to production in space of nearly perfect ball bearings, impurity-free lenses and precision crystalline electronic compo-



## SCIENCE

nents. In contrast to such processes on earth, the materials should mix thoroughly during melting (without heavier components sinking to the bottom), and no containers would be needed that could introduce contaminants.

**Lonely Pilot.** The astronauts found some tasks particularly demanding. While pedaling the bicycle exercising machine in the hot (88° F.) orbital workshop, Conrad worked so hard that his heart skipped some beats. NASA doctors were not worried by the palpitations, which they said could have also occurred on the ground. But they did express concern about another physical effect. In zero-G the heart tends to work less and does not pump blood as efficiently to the body's lower extremities. That, plus loss of muscle tissue from lack of exercise, causes bodily shrinking. Tape measurements have shown that each man has already lost about an inch and a half in the circumference of his calves. Said Dr. Robert Johnson in Houston: "We expected this, but at a much slower rate." Presumably, such deterioration would become much more serious on longer trips—a two-year flight to Mars, for example.

A lengthy space voyage would also probably aggravate psychological problems. After only three weeks in orbit, the astronauts were already bemoaning the isolation. Kerwin, only half-humorously, identified himself as "your lonely science pilot who is hungering for human companionship."

## Shadow Over Sahara

Water wells are miles apart. Under the blistering sun, the temperature of the sand often reaches 180° F. Despite these forbidding conditions, foreigners have lately been scurrying in and out of the West African republic of Mauritania, at the western end of the Sahara—hiring the few available trucks, renting plots of land and even booking rooms in an old French Foreign Legion post. Told that the strangers are there to watch the moon black out the sun, some believers in the oasis town of Chinguetti—the seventh holiest city of Islam—are incredulous. "How can you tell the sun will darken?" a herdsman asks. "Only God can know that."

The herdsman's faith may soon be shaken. Chinguetti lies directly in the path of totality\* of a major solar eclipse that will be visible across northern Africa on June 30. Although solar eclipses are not rare—at least two occur every year—this one will be unusual. Where the borders of Mali, Algeria and Nigeria meet, totality will last 7 min. 4 sec., making the eclipse the second longest in 1,433 years; the only longer one—7 min. 7 sec.—took place in 1955. A comparable eclipse will not occur again until the year 2150. Thus scientists from a dozen countries—as well as hundreds

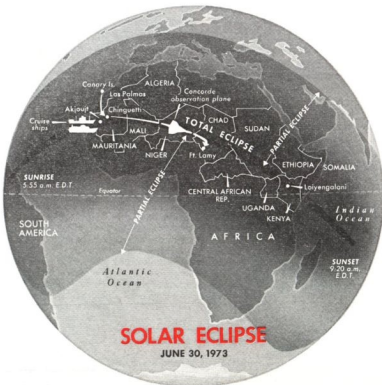
of amateur eclipse watchers—are gathering in Africa for a glimpse of the prolonged celestial spectacular.

The eclipse is more than a curiosity. Its unusual length will provide crucial extra moments for numerous wide-ranging experiments that can best be performed during such a solar blackout. Scientists, for instance, will search for comets and other bodies close to the sun—possibly even a small undiscovered planet—that would normally be hidden by solar glare. They will also test Einstein's general theory of relativity by measuring the degree to which light from distant stars is bent by solar gravity as the rays pass near the sun. It is during an eclipse that scientists can fully observe the sun's spectacular halo, or corona, believed to be caused by the out-rushing of solar gases. Understanding the corona, in turn, may shed new light on the sun's thermonuclear reactions. Not the least of the observations are those related to the terrestrial environment, involving the sun's influence on the earth's atmosphere, weather and magnetic field.

There will also be studies of phenomena on the ground itself. Some scientists will record the reaction of animals to the sudden darkening. Others will remain behind after the eclipse to assess its impact on Africa's tribesmen. The Borana in Kenya and Ethiopia, for instance, regard eclipses as an evil omen. Even if nothing untoward happens after the event, they may use it as an excuse to kick out any unpopular ritual leaders, called Kallu.

The main U.S. scientific contingent, consisting of some 100 observers from two dozen universities and other institutions, will be divided into two camps, on opposite sides of Africa. The smaller group will set up its instruments in Mauritania, where the hot dry air should offer good viewing. But because Mauritania has experienced a severe drought for the past few years, sudden winds could blow up obscuring clouds of dust particles. Scientists are hedging their bets by establishing another camp on Kenya's Lake Rudolf, near Loiyengalani. Even more primitive than some of the sites in Mauritania, the village is accessible only by small planes or by Land Rovers on a two-day trip over rutted bush roads.

Not all eclipse watchers will endure harsh conditions. Three cruise ships, carrying hundreds of scientifically minded tourists, will station themselves off the coast of West Africa in the path of totality, while lecturers on board discuss the fine points of the event overhead. The best view should be obtained by seven French, British and American scientists. On June 30, they will board a supersonic Concorde jet in Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands, fly south and intersect the path of totality near Chinguetti. Then they will race the moon's shadow across some 1,700 miles of Africa at nearly Mach 2 speeds (1,300 m.p.h.). Traveling at times only slightly slower than the shadow itself, they will see the blackout for some 80 minutes, longer than anyone has watched a total eclipse before.



\*The narrow strip of earth along which the shadow of the moon travels as the lunar disk completely obscures the sun.



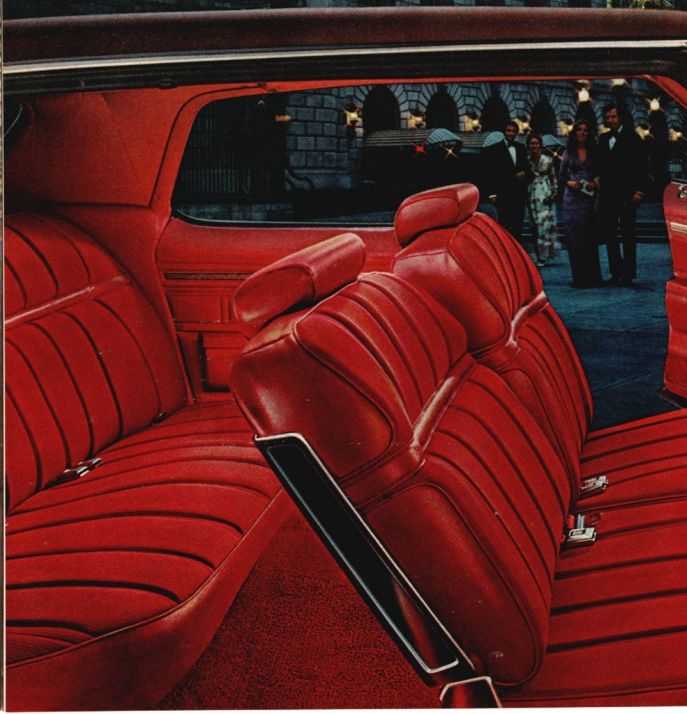
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**After**

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That's why we can give this guarantee:

"Buy any one of our Potscrubber dishwashers with a Power Scrub Cycle from a participating GE dealer before December 31, 1973.

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## Artfinger: Turning Pictures into Gold

The Japanese art market is, at present, one of the wonders of the world. Erratic and (when coping with Western art) often bizarre in taste, Japanese collectors have become the Texans of the Far East, splurging up to 2000% more than real market value on second-rate Chagalls and Modiglianis, and giving the still embryonic Tokyo market an estimated gross of \$1 billion a year on paintings alone. No wonder, then, that Tokyo has attracted a number of big Western dealers, including the most formidable of all—Marlborough Fine Art. Whereas most of Tokyo's 500 galleries are one-room affairs, Marlborough, typically, is preparing to open in a palatial house in the fashionable Tokyo district of Hiroo. Massively funded—its Japanese stockholders include the heads of Sony and Panasonic—Marlborough-Torii Ltd. seems prepared, as its Japanese president, former Adman Tatsuya Torii, put it, to "bring internationalism to the Tokyo art market once and for all." This will not make the intruder popular. But then, Marlborough has never made a virtue of popularity. It is—as exasperated rival dealers are wont to point out—the General Motors of the art world, with branches in London, New York, Rome, Zurich, Montreal, Toronto.

Less a gallery than a multinational corporation, Marlborough in 1969 grossed \$11 million from sales, and claims that for 1973 that figure will have increased to \$25 million. The corporate style is present everywhere: muted and elegant gallery spaces, white walls, slate floors, discreetly hidden viewing areas. The branches of the

Marlborough group are linked by telex machines, clacking out their information and requests. New York is asking Rome to make hotel reservations for Marlborough's Japanese partners; London reports its day's schedule of auction prices. It is an atmosphere in which bankers and brokers feel instantly at home, removed from the puzzling messiness of the creative life.

**Discreet Lobbying.** This structure is the invention of one man—Frank Lloyd. The style, in its secrecy, luxuriousness and finely tooled indifference, is a corporate version of his own, writ large. At 61, Lloyd is tanned by the Caribbean and tailored like a German banker, a diminutive block of energy, velvety charm and wolfish flair for business. He is also a showman, and every detail of Marlborough's presentation comes under his supervision. Nothing gets left to chance or whim. Thus when selling a Modigliani or a Picasso in Japan, Lloyd reveals it to the client in a lined box with a lid instead of hanging it framed on a wall; that is how Japanese collectors are used to packing their scrolls. "Lloyd-san," purrs his Tokyo partner Torii, "almost seems to understand Zen." Marlborough prints the most elaborate color catalogues in the business for its shows, and accompanies a major exhibition—David Smith, say, or Francis Bacon—with a campaign of discreet lobbying with collectors. It is indicative of Marlborough's reputation for secrecy—and for giving cash on the barrel—that when New York's Metropolitan Museum wanted to raise some quick funds last year by selling its Rousseau *Tropics* and its Van Gogh *Olive Pickers* (TIME, Feb. 26), Lloyd was chosen. It is equally typical of Lloyd's nerve that he disposed of the Rousseau in Japan and the Van Gogh to the Goulandris collection in Europe, at a profit of somewhere near \$2,000,000. Thereafter he sat back indifferent to the barrage of criticism against the Met, and ran a Marlborough ad announcing: "Unlimited cash available for works of art."

Ensnared at the center of his maze of companies like a pear-shaped Minotaur, Lloyd seemed, until lately, to have created an impregnable position for himself. But next fall Marlborough goes to court to defend itself in a civil suit almost without precedent in the art world. The heirs of



DEALER FRANK LLOYD

"I only collect money."

the late abstract expressionist Mark Rothko, together with the New York State attorney general, are charging that Marlborough and the executors of Rothko's estate conspired between them to defraud the estate by grossly undervaluing the paintings.

The case may be the stiffest test yet of Lloyd's powers of survival. But then, he is an exceptionally gifted survivor. Frank Lloyd was born in Vienna in 1911. His name was Franz Levai; his father was a well-off dealer in antique furniture, silver and china. At 20, young Levai got a job with a large Viennese coal company, soon launched his own oil business, and by the mid-1930s owned a string of gas stations in Austria. When the Nazis came in 1938, the young entrepreneur fled to Paris and later to England. Broke and speaking only fractured English, he joined the Pioneer Corps and from there secured a transfer to the Royal Engineers as a battlefield tank mechanic.

At this point, reasoning that he would stand no chance of survival if captured by the Germans as Franz Levai, Austrian Jew, he changed his name to Frank Lloyd. It is said that he chose the name because of its reassuring similarity to Lloyd's of London. On D-day, his unit landed in Normandy. A brave and aggressive soldier, Lloyd fought in the tank corps across Europe. In a tank explosion in Germany shortly before the war's end he was severely wounded and temporarily blinded.

In 1946, Lloyd and a wartime Viennese friend, Harry Fischer, began their partnership as booksellers and art dealers in London. Lloyd astutely realized that, with postwar taxation and the wartime ruin of landed estates, the great English collectors of the prewar years would now become sellers. He gained access to them and their collections through David Somerset, heir presumptive to the Duke of Beaufort. Over



LLOYD IN AUDIENCE WITH POPE PAUL VI  
He also understands Zen.

# ART

the past two decades, Somerset—who hobnobs with such figures as David Rockefeller and Aristotle Onassis—has been invaluable to Lloyd, steering collections and clients toward him and, best of all, introducing him to the Italian auto magnate Giovanni Agnelli, an impassioned collector. The chain of contacts now reaches to Pope Paul VI, whom Lloyd obtained as a prospective client during a private audience a few years ago.

Early in 1960, Lloyd decided to move from Old Masters and Impressionists into the work of contemporaries. "When I saw that prices were going up so fast," he explains, "I said there may come a day when we can't buy important old pictures. We have to sign

up living artists." Up until then, the relationship between artist and dealer in London had tended to be a gentlemanly business based on unwritten promises; the word promotion was never heard. Lloyd offered the artists an efficient sales system along with contracts and guaranteed minimums. Says Artist Victor Pasmore, who joined Marlborough in 1960: "They were the first in London to put the whole contract with artists on a professional basis. They give you a great deal of freedom."

Marlborough now represents 66 living artists, a few of them giants—including Bacon, Henry Moore and Clyfford Still. The majority, however, are middle-of-the-road figures like Fernando Botero, Michael Steiner or Richard

Diebenkorn. Marlborough also manages the estates of David Smith, Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline and Ad Reinhardt. For its efforts it usually takes a 50% cut on sales, compared with the 33 1/3% to 40% charged by most galleries. Lloyd tells painters: "You have a choice. You can ride in a Rolls-Royce or a Volkswagen. If you want to ride in the Rolls, it is going to cost you more money. But it pays in the long run."

Lloyd's policy has always been to promote established artists, not to rear unknowns. Understandably, other dealers—especially the ones who brought some present Marlborough stars from obscurity—dislike this. Among them, Lloyd's unpopularity is notorious. "It's a bit like stealing a patent," says London Dealer Peter Gimpel, who lost Sculptors Barbara Hepworth, Kenneth Armitage and Lynn Chadwick to Marlborough. When another London dealer discovered that she had lost a prominent artist to Lloyd, she contemplated a lawsuit. Presently her banker called to say that her credit would dry up if the suit reached court. She dropped it.

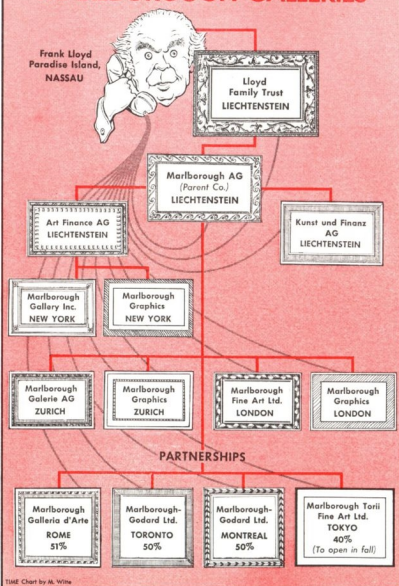
**Resistant Labyrinth.** Though most are content, not all the Marlborough artists have stayed with Lloyd. Italian Sculptor Gio Pomodoro broke away "because, in five years, Mr. Lloyd had set foot in my studio twice. I don't like that kind of rapport, abstract and unconnected with any of my problems." Pomodoro cites the time when, after keeping the sculptor waiting a week, Lloyd gave him an appointment at his New York gallery. "You see, my dear Gio," Lloyd began, waving his Montecristo across the desk, "you artists exist because there are merchants like us."

Marlborough is shrewdly organized as a tax-resistant labyrinth of branches, service contracts, numbered accounts, paper and holding companies. The branch companies are linked to a parent corporation, Marlborough AG (incorporated in Liechtenstein), which is in turn owned by Lloyd's family-controlled trust, which was set up to reap the tax benefits of such an enclave.

Marlborough, in its various national forms, is merely a corporate shell holding the land and furnishings of the galleries. The ownership of the paintings and bank accounts is distributed among Liechtenstein, Nassau and Switzerland. The linkages within the Marlborough group are complex. Thus the Swiss branch, Marlborough AG (Zurich), was owned by a company called Bruha AG, whose director, Industrialist Bruno Hafel, lived in Argentina. In 1972 Lloyd bought Hafel out, dissolved Bruha, and reconstituted the holding company as Art Finance AG, which also owns the New York branch of Marlborough. Art Finance AG's director, William R. Stählin, is the head of a prosperous Zurich law firm.

Lloyd also has a number of paper companies set up in Liechtenstein and linked to the Marlborough group by private service contracts. They carry

## MARLBOROUGH GALLERIES



TIME Chart by M. Witte

## THAT ELEGANT STRAIGHT-8

(A distinctive mark of good taste)

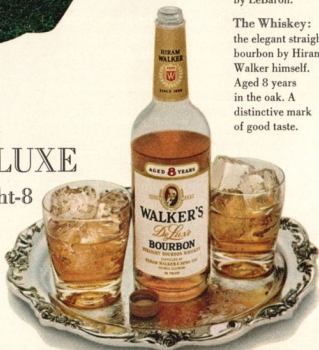


The Car:  
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by LeBaron.

The Whiskey:  
the elegant straight-8  
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of good taste.

## WALKER'S DELUXE

That elegant straight-8



The thought is by Richard Bach. The interpretation by Corita Kent of Immaculate Heart College.

*"The gull sees farthest who flies highest."*\*

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LOS ANGELES KFWB





the gull  
sees farthest  
who flies  
highest

richard bach

Conita



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**Keep America Beautiful**

**People start pollution.  
People can stop it.**



## ART

bland, brass-plate names like Kunst und Finanz AG (Vaduz). Some are holding companies for paintings and sculpture. Others, apparently, serve as "independent" intermediaries for transactions between one branch of the Marlborough group and another.

**Cautious Diver.** In selling to the new plutocrats, who can often avoid taxes by dealing through the convoluted international network, Lloyd has become a rich man; he is rumored to be worth at least \$25 million. He has a holiday home in Cap d'Antibes that he bought from Uranium Tycoon Joseph Hirshhorn. But Lloyd officially resides with his second wife, Susan, 36, and their two children in a beachfront house in Nassau. An avid fisherman and water-skier, Lloyd also likes to scuba dive, but to make sure that he does not descend too far, he ties one end of a 20-ft. rope to an inner tube and the other to his tank. With similar caution, he never goes to an auction without knowing exactly what he will pay for a painting. His chief reading is financial reports, and even in Nassau he often works a 16-hour day.

Lloyd has always been able to deal with special freedom, since he is unencumbered by any affection for the works of art he buys and sells. Once, when a Marlborough employee in London suggested that he keep a particularly fine picture for himself, Lloyd said scathingly: "How many times have I told you that I only collect money, I don't collect pictures!"

The big question in the art world these days: Will Lloyd's empire—specifically, its New York branch—ride out the approaching Rothko lawsuit undamaged? When Mark Rothko committed suicide in his New York studio in February 1970, he left a will (made in 1968) directing that the bulk of his estate be used as a fund for struggling old artists. The executors were Bernard J. Reis, Rothko's accountant, who became a director and salaried treasurer and secretary of Marlborough's New York branch in January 1970; Theodoros Stamos, a painter friend of Rothko's; and an anthropologist named Morton Levine.

Obviously, it was Rothko's hope to raise as much money for the foundation as possible. Since he left 798 paintings, and his major works were selling for as much as \$130,000, the sum might have been upward of \$30 million. What actually happened was that Rothko's three executors sold 100 paintings for \$1.8 million to Marlborough AG in Liechtenstein. Marlborough paid \$200,000 down, and the executors agreed to spread the rest of the payments interest-free over twelve years—a huge discount in all, down to approximately \$9,000

per canvas. Moreover, Marlborough was to have sole sales rights over the remaining 698 paintings and get a 50% commission on every sale.

In 1971 lawyers representing Rothko's children and the New York State attorney general's office brought suit to void the sale, remove the executors and recover damages. Their charges? That Marlborough had forced the deal far below the market value of the 100 Rothkos it had bought and, worse, that a "conflict of interest" existed with two executors. Reis, they charged, was compromised as a representative of Rothko's wishes by the fact that he had gone to work for Marlborough; Stamos, because he exhibited his paintings there. Reis and Stamos denied all charges.

"When Lloyd is down," predicts Art Dealer Richard Feigen, "everyone's got



BOTO'S "MR. LLOYD & FAMILY" (1972)  
You can ride in a Rolls.

ing to be ready to jump." But they have not jumped yet. Lloyd, more than any other single dealer, implanted in the minds of the postwar rich the idea of art as investment, and after 25 years of operation, Marlborough exudes fiscal power like a dew. Moreover, the stamp Lloyd has put on the very nature of art dealing is probably ineradicable. Because of him, the world of genteel connoisseurship—tea with Lord Clark and the ghost of Bernard Berenson—has given way to that of the Zurich gnomes and their international equivalents.

That is just the way Lloyd wants it. One is reminded of the night in 1963 when Georges Wildenstein, the legendary Paris dealer, died. Lloyd was approached by Leslie Hyam, director of Parke-Bernet, at a party in Manhattan. "Well," said Hyam silkily, "now that Wildenstein is dead, you'll be the most hated man in the art business." Delighted, Lloyd spent the rest of the evening bragging about Hyam's remark.

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To actress Britt Ekland, 30, former wife of Comedian Peter Sellers, and her companion for the past two years, Lou Adler, 38, millionaire record producer who rode to success on a wave of surfing music in the '60s; their first child, her second, a son; in London. Name: Nicholai Ekland Adler.

**Engaged.** Avery Brundage, 85, former president of the International Olympic Committee (1952-72) and longtime curmudgeonly opponent of commercialism in amateur sports; and Mariann Princess Reuss, 37, descendant of German royalty and a hostess at last summer's Munich Olympics. Said Brundage, a widower for nearly two years: "The princess is very mature for her age. People say I am young."

**Died.** William Inge, 60, playwright and scenarist; by his own hand (of carbon-monoxide poisoning); in Hollywood Hills, Calif. In 1945 a Chicago production of Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie* inspired Inge, then a St. Louis drama critic, to give up reviewing plays and start writing them. From the slovenly housewife and third-rate chiropractor in his first Broadway hit, *Come Back, Little Sheba* (1950), to the commonplace women of the Pulitzer prizewinning *Picnic* (1953), to the wistful nightclub singer and the cowboy of *Bus Stop* (1955), to the ordinary family life in *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs* (1957), Inge drew on his own Kansas boyhood for "some very sustaining memories of people in their sad, funny, futile, courageous and frightened ways of meeting life and trying to cope with it." When his engaging but minor talent began to fail, he turned to Hollywood, where his screenplay for *Splendor in the Grass* (1961) won an Oscar. *Good Luck, Miss Wyckoff* (1970), a novel about a woman brutally isolated from society, met with modest success. The manuscript of another Inge novel, *The Boy From the Circus*, was found in his living room on the day of his death—rejected by a New York publisher.

**Died.** Fritz Erich von Lewinsky von Manstein, 85, the armored-warfare strategist who masterminded Germany's blitzkrieg against France in 1940; of a heart attack; in Irshenhausen, West Germany. Von Manstein was named a field marshal by Hitler in 1942 for his victories in the Crimean campaign against the Soviets and dismissed two years later for advocating a strategy of retreat from Stalingrad. Tried by the British, he was imprisoned for war crimes. Upon his release, he became a consultant to the West German government, advocating a citizens' army with universal conscription for his country in the postwar era.

## The Court Moves Against Porn

Pornography, as everyone knows, is—well, what is it? Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart once delivered a classic answer, of sorts, by saying that he could not exactly define it, but “I know it when I see it.” Ever since, the Justices have been half-jokingly referring erotic works to Stewart to get his instinctive impressions.

Officially, the court has tried to follow the guidelines of Justice William Brennan who declared that nothing could be banned as pornographic unless it predominantly “appeals to a pru-

materials be imported from abroad or carried on interstate public transportation for personal use? In 1969 the court held, in the case of *Stanley v. Georgia*, that a citizen had a right to enjoy anything he liked, no matter how obscene, in the privacy of his own home. But it did not give an individual the equally unlimited right to buy (or sell) such material. It ruled in 1971 that the Government’s power to regulate trade entitled it to ban the importation or transportation of pornography for commercial purposes. In one of the cases now before the court George Orito was arrested after flying from San Francisco to Milwaukee with 83 reels of dirty movies in his baggage. Orito, who had a record of

Hollywood studios and national magazines to risk local prosecution in the most restrictive areas.

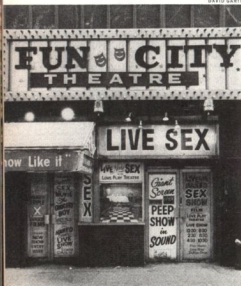
► *Can purveyors of obvious pornography be prosecuted if they make a reasonable effort to exclude juveniles and to forewarn any adults who might be offended?* When a Los Angeles plainclothes policeman walked into a store and asked about “sexy books,” the store’s proprietor, Murray Kaplan, answered: “All our books are sexy.” Kaplan was duly arrested and convicted for selling the policeman a book that “in vulgar, gutter language . . . instructed on an act of oral copulation.” Kaplan and the defendants in two similar cases (another bookstore, a movie theater proclaiming ADULTS ONLY) argue that if an adult is permitted to have pornography in private, they should be able to sell it as long as they provide clear warnings about the nature of their offerings.

► *Must the authorities hold a formal hearing, with lawyers present, before they can seize alleged pornography as evidence for a criminal prosecution?* In 1969 Manhattan Criminal Court Judge Arthur H. Goldberg sat through two hours of the Andy Warhol film *Blue Movie*, then signed warrants for the seizure of the film and the arrest of the manager, projectionist and ticket taker. The Supreme Court had ruled in 1961 that authorities must grant a preliminary hearing before subjecting the contents of a bookstore to a civil seizure (thus possibly driving it out of business). The Justices are now being asked to extend that standard to seizures of evidence for criminal prosecution. They therefore must decide whether lawyers for both sides should have an opportunity to argue their case before seizure in order to prevent the Government’s right to gather evidence from being used in effect as a power to censor.

No one can be sure in advance how the court will decide these questions, or what its reasoning will be, but one hint came last December in a slightly different regulatory case. The court decided that state liquor authorities had the power to withhold liquor licenses from places that featured bottomless dancers or erotic films. Considering that ruling as well as the general inclinations of the men on the court, the shrewdest observers are betting that every pornography case will go in favor of tighter controls.

For years, during the era of the Warren Court, judicial opinions had suggested that perhaps the ultimate solution to the pornography problem would be to permit anything to be sold as long as the customers were limited to adults perfectly well-aware of what they were getting. That would, if nothing else, have settled the vast bulk of pornography litigation. Paradoxically, if the Burger Court begins taking a tougher line, it will probably assure another flood of cases—which will force it to confront once again the problem of defining what pornography really is and deciding what should be done about it.

DAVID DARTY



SEX-SHOW DISPLAY IN TIMES SQUARE



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"If it turns me on, it's smut."

rient interest," affronts "contemporary community standards," and is "utterly without redeeming social importance." That definition proved so elastic that it has been stretched to permit almost anything, as can be attested at many a neighborhood-movie marquee or magazine rack.

The Justices would be as pleased as any bluenose if pornography would just go away. But new cases keep coming up. There are eight, in fact, now backlogged awaiting rulings before the court's summer recess. And now that President Nixon's appointment of four relatively conservative Justices has changed the balance of the court, the anticipated decisions on pornography are likely to limit sharply the permissive conditions of the past decade.

None involves a new definition of pornography. Instead, all involve various police efforts to regulate or control it. There are four basic issues:

► *Can admittedly pornographic*

trafficking in pornography, claimed that the films were purely for his personal use, even though some of them were duplicates. The court is being asked to rule on such situations, although the Federal Government says that it will prosecute only when it suspects that a commercial deal is involved.

► *Does "contemporary community standards" mean local or national standards?* A movie that could cause an uproar in Fort Wayne might be considered routine in New York (or, conceivably, vice versa). The problem before the court involves Marvin Miller, a film producer, who mailed out five advertising brochures for a movie and various books. He was convicted in conservative Orange County, outside Los Angeles, on the basis of a police poll purporting to demonstrate that, whatever the rest of the country might think, California's community standards had been violated. Civil libertarians argue that such a doctrine would require both



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## EDUCATION

### Learning with a Shovel

The new garbage man was in the midst of emptying a trash can outside a ranch home in Calverton, Md., when a woman in a housecoat and apron appeared at the kitchen door. The garbage man, who had known her several years earlier, ducked behind a gate. "If my cover had been blown there would have been publicity," he reasoned. "People would have recognized me and the whole thing wouldn't have worked."

The "whole thing" was an attempt by John R. Coleman, 51, a former Ford Foundation executive and now president of Haverford College, to break what he calls "the lockstep"—the educational process that leads in a straight line from kindergarten through graduate school, and often onward into the walled-in offices of academia. Coleman is a labor economist (among his books is *Labor Problems*, 1953), but the idea of actually going out and doing physical labor first occurred to him three years ago when he heard about the clash between hardhat construction workers and antiwar student demonstrators on Wall Street. "That terrified me," Coleman recalls. "I began to see there was tremendous arrogance among higher

education professionals. We get a very distorted view of ourselves and become very intolerant of other points of view." As for himself, he "wanted to get away from the world of words and politics and parties—the things a president does. As a college president you begin to take yourself very seriously and you think you have power you don't. You forget elementary things about people."

**It Was Unreal.** In February, Coleman went on a leave, telling his plans to nobody except his oldest son. Neither his trustees nor his secretary knew where he was going. Indeed, he hardly knew himself. He went to Atlanta and landed a job at \$2.75 an hour digging ditches for sewers and water lines. It was exhausting work—"How many times," he asked himself, "had I read of men in their fifties dying while shoveling snow?"—but he stuck to it for two weeks. Then he had to quit in order to attend a meeting of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, of which he is chairman. "It was unreal," he recalls. "I had to keep pinching myself and asking, 'Is this any less role playing than what I've been doing?'"

Coleman next moved to Boston and found a job as a dishwasher in a cafeteria. Before the first hour was up, his boss slipped two dollars into his hand and said simply, "You won't do." Coleman asked why but was given no reason. "It was amazingly demoralizing," he says. "I'd never been fired and I'd never been unemployed. For three days I walked the streets. Though I had a bank account and a job waiting for me back at Haverford, I got an inkling of how professionals my age feel when they lose their job and their confidence begins to sink."

He applied for a job as a kitchen helper in an electronics plant. He tried a nursing home and a country club. When asked about previous experience, he would say, "I used to be in sales." After a week of job hunting, he checked his horoscope in the *Globe*, and it said: "Look for money and luck in the early afternoon." He was hired that afternoon as a sandwich and salad man at the Union Oyster House, where he stayed for almost a month. He was even offered a promotion to assistant chef, but he had to attend another meeting of the reserve bank, and then he moved on to the garbage business in Maryland (\$2.50 an hour). As he hauled away, he sometimes called out greetings to the local residents, but most of them ignored him. "There's enormous contempt for garbage men," Coleman remarks.

On April 14, Coleman decided that enough was enough, so he set sail for Europe ("I love art. I love opera"), returning just in time for Haverford's commencement exercises, where he told the students, "There is a need to vary

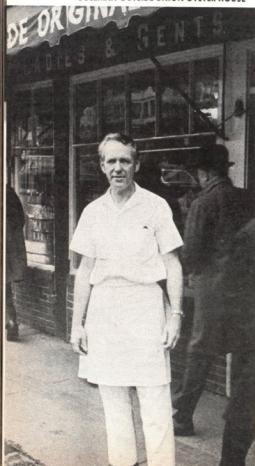
the rhythms in your life." Coleman does not believe that every college president should collect garbage—although he says one of them has expressed envy of his sabbatical, as have two bankers, two reporters and a minister—but he has recommended to the trustees that Haverford students be not just permitted but required to take time out for work before receiving their degrees. "We have to build a more diverse campus," he says. "We've got to get a dialogue going between the construction workers and the students." Reflecting on his experience, Coleman remembers with deep satisfaction a remark made to him by a 22-year-old foreman named Ron: "You're the first good helper I've had in a long time. Keep it up."

### Report Card

► Does a state university have the right to charge higher tuition for students from other states? Well, yes and no, the Supreme Court ruled last week. Specifically, by 6 to 3, it upheld the complaint of two women who transferred to the University of Connecticut, took up residence there, registered to vote and got drivers' licenses, but still had to pay \$625 per semester as against \$175 for state residents. If universally applied, equality of payment would break havoc in many state universities, but the Supreme Court did not go that far. While not officially ruling on the broad issue, Justice Potter Stewart declared: "We fully recognize that a state has a legitimate interest in protecting and preserving the quality of its colleges and universities and the right of its own bona fide residents to attend such institutions on a preferential tuition basis."

► The labyrinthine problem of how (or whether) to integrate inner-city and suburban schools moved one important but inconclusive step closer to a solution last week. At issue was the situation in Detroit, where Federal Judge Stephen J. Roth has ordered that the city's 285,000 pupils (67% black) must be merged, by busing, with the 495,000 (80% white) who live in 52 outlying districts. A similar ruling in Richmond was rejected by the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals and died when the Supreme Court tied 4-4 (Justice Lewis Powell, a former Richmond school board official, abstained). In the Detroit case, however, the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled 6-3 that city-suburban busing could indeed be ordered by the state legislature or, if the legislature did nothing, by the courts. The problem, therefore, appears headed once again for the Supreme Court, whose ruling could decisively affect similar suits pending in Boston, Hartford, Indianapolis, Buffalo, Wilmington and a number of other cities. In the meantime, though, the Sixth Circuit Court stayed any actual execution of Judge Roth's integration orders until the Detroit suburbs have a chance to state their objections in court—and those objections will be long and loud.

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## CINEMA

### Driven by Demons

**BLUME IN LOVE**

Direction and Screenplay by  
PAUL MAZURSKY

The befuddled, sometimes frantic but eminently fitting hero who scrambles through this sly concordance of the perils of marriage is a Beverly Hills divorce lawyer named Steven Blume. His business is bustling, but his marriage has broken apart. As *Blume in Love* begins, he is in Venice licking his wounds, dwelling lovingly on memories of Nina (Susan Anspach). Their divorce, for Blume, has only quickened his consuming desire to possess her once again. "To be in love with your ex-wife is a tragedy," Blume pouts, watching the diverse assignations in St. Mark's Square with bemused, slightly melancholy detachment, like a bruised veteran watching a game from the sidelines.

Blume savors his exile, dotes on the recollections it brings of happier times with Nina (they honeymooned there), and tortures himself with images of guilt and treachery from the more recent past. Back in Venice, California, Nina worked for the state welfare office and returned early one day to find that Blume had, in his words, "taken his



ANSPACH, KRISTOFFERSON & SEGAL IN MAZURSKY'S "BLUME IN LOVE"  
Mad struggle to wriggle back to wedded bliss.

work home with him." "Hi, Mrs. Blume," said the work, sulking against the bedroom door, and Nina walked out. There was a quick, acrimonious divorce. Blume revealed briefly in the freedoms of bachelorhood, but turned possessive and desperate when Nina started keeping company with an itinerant musician named Elmo (Kris Kristofferson). Blume, of course, did everything he could to bust them up and reinstate himself.

Director-Writer Mazursky is devastatingly shrewd and wry, especially

adept at catching the most convoluted of emotional entanglements and turning them into the kind of comedy that pierces. Blume's often quite mad struggle to wriggle back into wedded bliss is an ideal occasion for Mazursky to comment once again (as he did in *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*, and in the more ambitious and more interesting *Alex in Wonderland*) on the folkways of contemporary romance, where an innocent conversation can turn abruptly into a sexual scrimmage, and a tryst into trench warfare. He excels at putting

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down the trappings and pretensions of the middle-class life of Los Angeles with tart asides on stylish psychiatrists discussing the notion of "sport screwing," teen-age swingers, and hip health-food restaurants where satanic waiters recite the menu like an incantation. Yet he can be tender, too, and his characters are never merely clowns or pawns of plot. With a deft and cunning irony, he can point out the essential selfishness of Blume's anguish without ever playing down to it. Occasionally, though, Mazursky loses perspective, and his characters become unintentionally funny. This happens when Nina addresses her unborn child: "If you're a boy kid, I'm gonna teach you to respect women. And if you're a girl kid, I'm gonna teach you to respect yourself." That is the sort of shallow illumination that Mazursky usually mocks with glee.

George Segal's Blume is a dexterous performance driven by demons. Kristofferson's Elmo relaxed and appealing. Besides a great deal of what seems like effortless ability, Kristofferson has vast charm and the sort of presence that makes you look forward to his every appearance. He is, naturally and winningly, what so many others strain so hard to be: a star. Susan Anspach, as Nina, is musky and alluring and, even more important, a splendid actress. Hers is the most carefully detailed, most complex and moving re-creation of a woman that has been seen in an Amer-

ican film since Jane Fonda in *Klute*—a remarkable performance which Anspach equals in every way.

To be noted with pleasure and satisfaction is Mazursky's maturity since the rather glib days of *Bob and Carol*, and his increasingly sophisticated sense of cinematic style (abetted by the faultless photography of Bruce Surtees). Tellingly funny, poignant and smart, *Blume in Love* confirms Mazursky as an American film maker from whom one can consistently expect work of substance and resonance.

■ Jay Cocks

## Bored Game

THE LAST OF SHEILA

Directed by HERBERT ROSS

Screenplay by STEPHEN SONDHEIM  
and ANTHONY PERKINS

Besides their friendship with Clinton, the Sadistic Movie Producer (James Coburn), the six people he has invited for a week's cruise of the Mediterranean have other things in common: they are faintly pathetic has-beens and never-weres in the film business; each has his or her sordid little secret (homosexuality, alcoholism, an old shoplifting charge, etc.); all but one were present the night Clinton's gossip-columnist wife Sheila was killed by a hit-and-run driver outside his Bel Air home and can reasonably be suspected of the crime.



COBURN & CANNON IN "SHEILA"  
Sordid little secrets.

Clinton, like the Laurence Olivier character in *Sleuth*, is famous for his love of intricate parlor games, and each night his guests are required to endure a cleverly plotted, punningly clued hare-and-hounds chase designed to reveal their past transgressions—and, it is hinted, Sheila's murderer.

For a while *The Last of Sheila* promises to turn into an amusing maze. But Stephen Sondheim (the Broadway composer who is himself a famous game player) and Anthony Perkins (the estimable actor) have outsmarted them-





Drew and Harry Bowland, Denver, Colorado. They both like the Electra. But for different reasons.

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## CINEMA

selves in crafting their script. Their plot is so fiendishly difficult that their characters spend most of the time bogged down in endless expository scenes.

As for the acting, Coburn seems to have calculated his performance on a snide rule, Richard Benjamin reasserts his claim to being the movies' most charmless leading man, and Raquel Welch is perfectly cast as a bad actress. Only canny old James Mason and Joan Hackett, once again in a role beneath her gifts, suggest lives independent of their existence as counters on the Sondheim-Perkins board. Dyan Cannon does her standard funny, bitchy act. Herbert Ross, as he usually does, directs at an unmodulated and frenetic pace.

In the end the viewer feels like an outsider who can't figure out why he was invited to a closed group's party and why they all seem to be having such a hilariously good time. As usual in such situations, it is a good idea to bring along a spouse or a date—someone to talk to in the corner while the In crowd ignores you.

■ Richard Schickel

## Quick Cuts

THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE owes more than a passing debt to Shirley Jackson's fine novel *The Haunting of Hill House*, and to the clummy film Robert Wise adapted from it in 1963. Both the plot and shocks here are similar, if not so forceful: a small, antagonistic group of researchers shut themselves up in an ominous old house to divine its dark secrets. The house preys on the various psychological weaknesses of the investigators, enlarging their hidden personal frailties into flaws that are often fatal. The *Hell House* researchers are a supercilious physical scientist (Clive Revell), his sexually repressed wife (Gayle Hunnicutt), an eager mental medium (Pamela Franklin) and a wary, fearful physical medium (Roddy McDowall). There is none of Shirley Jackson's psychological subtlety to be found here, only a couple of rude—and occasionally effective—shocks, plus a good, serious performance by Pamela Franklin.

INTERVAL is a kind of vanity production produced by and starring Merle Oberon, 62. She has had finer moments (*Wuthering Heights*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*). Miss Oberon is always being consulted on such questions as "How do you feel about love?" "Have you ever made love without love?"—and is in turn forever dispensing bits of Mary Worth wisdom like "We're all caught in the same interval between being born and dying." A feckless young artist (Robert Wolders) is unaccountably smitten by her, and they begin one of those romances that require them to wander around a lot of picturesque locations—Yucatán, in this case. The antique splendors of Chichen Itza make the passions of *Interval* seem petty indeed, but so would a brisk round of Parcheesi.

■ J.C.



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## RELIGION

### Father Luke's Ark

At a pier near the foot of Market Street in San Diego sits one of the strangest arks since Noah abandoned his on top of Mount Ararat. Once it was a two-deck ferryboat named the *Point Loma* that carried some 480 passengers on its regular run between San Diego and Coronado. Rendered obsolete by a bridge, the shallow-draft vessel was sold two years ago for \$15,000 to a Franciscan missionary named Luke Tupper, who began to install two medical clinics, an operating room, two dental clinics and a pharmacy. He also provided a new name: the *Esperança* (Portuguese for hope). This month he

loophole courses in the U.S., he was sent to Brazil, armed with a crash course in Portuguese, to finish his theological studies for the priesthood. There he also learned that in order to practice medicine among the Indians of the Amazon he would have to acquire a Brazilian high school certificate and pass written, oral and practical examinations in seven areas of medicine, all in Portuguese. He worked his way through all that in just over a year and was ordained in 1969.

Inspiring him was the spectacle of the Amazon villagers themselves—some 275,000 of them in a Montana-sized stretch of the river basin roughly 600 miles in from the Atlantic coast.

JIM COLLISON

There is no real shortage of food, but much of it goes to feed the roundworms, whipworms and hookworms that live in the bodies of nine out of ten villagers. A newborn baby has only a fifty-fifty chance of surviving its first year. Tuberculosis, polio, whooping cough and measles are all commonplace. So is the sight of children carrying tiny coffins to a graveyard.

There are some 50 Franciscan missionaries in the area, but Father Luke is the only physician among them. In 1970, he began to work "out of two black bags and a motorboat" around Santarém (pop. 60,000) in the state of Pará. But he soon discovered that preventive medicine was the "only realistic" approach. One of his early cases profoundly angered him: a mother with five children lost three of them

to whooping cough—"three deaths that could have been prevented by three shots costing 10¢ apiece."

He set out on a far-reaching plan to immunize the entire population of the area. So far, he and his helpers have reached more than 83,000 people and given most of them the full series of immunizations against smallpox, measles, polio, typhoid fever, diphtheria, tetanus and whooping cough. The results are impressive: in immunized villages, newborn babies now have a 95% chance of surviving their first year. To reach many more in isolated villages, as well as to provide more extensive medical services along the river, Father Luke is counting on the *Esperança*.

His immunization program was at first funded by Oxfam, the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, and the Catholic Medical Mission Board, but other donors and volunteers have helped finance the new hospital boat and even

worked beside him along the Amazon. One Franciscan volunteer, Sister Regina Wachowski, 44, is a medical technologist and nurse who has been working with Luke since 1971. He has, he says, more than two full years of pledges from some 120 doctors, dentists and nurses who will pay their own way to work for a month or more on the *Esperança*—the Brazilian government permitting—once the boat is chugging along the Amazon. The whole operation is now organized as the nonprofit *Esperança, Inc.*, headquartered in Phoenix and directed by a Baptist minister, the Rev. Winthrop Stewart. Also assisting are Father Luke's three brothers and sister—two lawyers, another priest and an engineer. Their mother had the honor of smashing a bottle of Amazon water against the ark at its dedication.

For all his medical labors, Father Luke is no less a priest. He rises at about 5 each morning to say his office, offer Mass, and meditate before the day's work. The two sides of his life are, in fact, totally connected. "If I know that my brother in India or Africa or Latin America does not have the bare necessities of life, and I do not do everything in my power to help him get those necessities," he asks, "how can I call myself a Christian?"

### Gay Manifesto

"Is homosexuality a manifestation of sin? Is it a sickness?" So go the questions that lead off the July-August issue of *Trends*, a bimonthly adult education journal produced by the Christian Education staff of the United Presbyterian Church. The answer? A resounding and very un-Presbyterian no.

*Trends* editors Dennis Shoemaker and Florence Bryant include a statement that the issue does not represent the "official position" of the United Presbyterian Church. They also print a declaration of the denomination's 1970 general assembly that "the practice of homosexuality is sin." But having bowed to the official position, the magazine then goes its own way in order to "stimulate inquiry."

In an opening "perspective," Editor Shoemaker dismisses Old Testament texts against homosexuality as part of the Levitical "Holiness Code" that kept Hebrews different from their idolatrous neighbors. As for St. Paul's strictures, the editorial notes, he believed that "all mankind was sinful."

Editor Bryant, in an article, "The Church and the Homosexual," proposes that the church ordain gay ministers and bless "permanent and faithful" gay unions. But the article likely to cause the most furor is one by Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, authors of *Lesbian/ Woman*. Among other controversial points, they raise an outlandish suggestion: that because lesbians have removed themselves from the "battle of the sexes," they are "the only women capable of loving men."



LUKE TUPPER AT DEDICATION OF THE "ESPERANÇA"  
A missionary looking for an angel.

officially dedicated the ark, and his main problem now is how to get the U.S. Navy or the Brazilian government or some other secular angel to waft the 55-ton *Esperança* to its destination on the Amazon, more than 5,000 miles away.

Those who know Father Luke have no doubt that he will find a way. Now 39, he has spent more than a decade getting this far, and obstacles have not fazed him. He was a doctor before he was a missionary, but while serving in the U.S. Navy Medical Corps on a 1960 scientific mission to Antarctica, he first saw his future during stopovers in Chile and Peru. "I was amazed and appalled at the misery of the poor," he says. "I had never seen anything like it."

The impression stayed with him, but he was not sure how best to help. Two years later, he quit his residency in plastic surgery at a University of Chicago hospital and joined the Franciscans. After he waded through Latin and phi-



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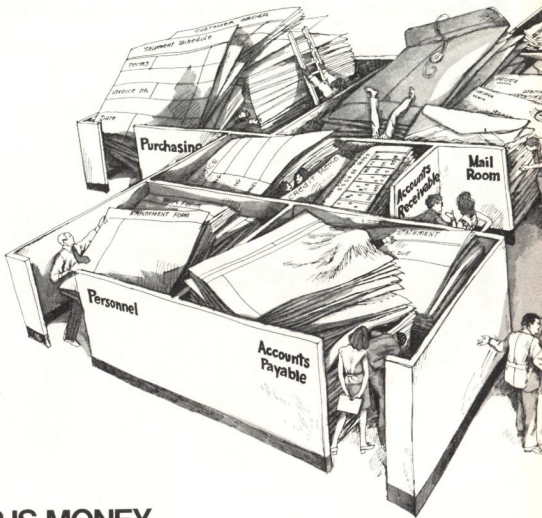
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## BUSINESS

### GASOLINE

# The Shortage Hits Home

To conserve fuel, Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter has ordered state troopers to drive slower and go on fewer highway patrols. On the Pennsylvania and Ohio Turnpikes, gas stations are allotting a maximum of ten to twelve gallons of gas to each customer. From Martha's Vineyard, Mass., where panicky residents begin queuing up at gas pumps at 6 a.m., to Los Angeles, where some stations are getting \$1¢ a gallon, the long-feared gasoline shortage is finally making itself felt.

Last week the American Automobile Association reported that only 64% of the stations it monitors were operating normally—down from 75% the previous week. The remainder were either curtailing their hours of operation or rationing gas. So far, this has created only minor annoyances for motorists, who may have to search harder for an open station or make two stops in order to fill 'er up.

**Phase Outs.** Harder hit are farmers, who have to get gas delivered to them; many predict that a shortage will impair their ability to harvest crops this fall. Truckers are also hurting. Chicago's Spector Freight System Inc., for example, expects to spend \$1,000,000 more this year because of a 7¢-a-gallon jump in the wholesale price of diesel fuel. Before the freeze, prices were rising at the corner gas station as well, in Boston they went up 2¢ a gallon in the past week. The Society of Independent Gasoline Marketers of America, whose members buy fuel from major oil com-

panies and sell it at cut-rate prices, reports that since last fall 1,450 of its 25,000 members have been forced to shut down their pumps permanently. At the same time, major oil companies are cutting back their retail operations in areas where they are weak. In recent weeks, Exxon began phasing out at least 150—and possibly as many as 400—of its Midwestern stations. Atlantic Richfield plans to fold some 2,400 of its outlets in the Upper Midwest and Rocky Mountain regions.

Many independent station owners claim that the big oil companies have contrived a phony shortage to drive them out of business by shutting off their supplies. That conclusion was supported by six state attorneys general—from Massachusetts, North Carolina, Florida, New York, Connecticut and Michigan—who testified at a Senate hearing last week. The gasoline shortage, said Massachusetts Attorney General Robert Quinn, is "a means of squeezing the little guy out of the market." In some cases, asserted his Connecticut counterpart, Robert Killian, "the majors are taking over the choice locations, putting up giant 20-pump stations with 24-hr. service and are replacing the small dealers."

The Justice Department gave the critics more ammunition last week when it brought suit against Texaco and the Coastal States Gas Producing Co., a big refiner, to nullify an agreement that would have reduced the amounts of gas available to independent station

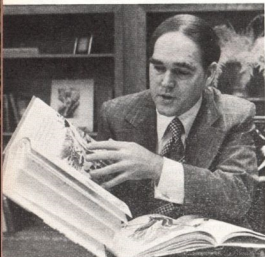
owners. Under the agreement, Texaco would buy an increasing share of Coastal States' gas output and, in return, supply the refiner with larger percentages of its required crude. In reply, both Texaco and Coastal maintain that the agreement is legal.

In rebuttal to charges that they are cooking up a shortage, officers of the major oil firms argue persuasively that refineries are working at their highest realistic capacity—more than 94%. Refineries are churning out a prodigious 49.5 million barrels of gas a week—5 million barrels more than last year—but inventories are 12 million to 14 million barrels below 1972 levels. Americans are simply driving more, in cars that get as much as 25% fewer miles per gallon than earlier models because of their greater weight, antipollution devices, air conditioners and more powerful engines. Last week the Environmental Protection Agency proposed a plan that could ameliorate the gas shortage by restricting the use of cars by 1977 (see ENVIRONMENT).

**Tight Clamps.** If the shortage worsens, a mandatory allocation system may be needed to replace the Administration's month-old voluntary plan, under which many independents are having difficulty getting as much gas as they require. Some of the majors, like American Oil Co., support a form of mandatory allotments, partly because that would protect them from complex legal problems that could occur under the present scheme. The chances are fairly good that the Administration will clamp on compulsory distribution rules in the near future. Until a new program takes shape, motorists and gas dealers will have to face continued stalls and slowdowns.



BIBLE SALESMEN GETTING THE SPIRIT AT TRAINING SESSION IN NASHVILLE



GOSPEL VENDOR SPENCER HAYS

## MARKETING

## The Good Buck

College students looking for a summer job with status are concentrating this year on lining up positions with ecology groups, Nader's Raiders-like investigative teams, or practically anything to do with film making. But if cash rather than cachet is the main consideration, they could hardly do better than sign on with Nashville's Southwestern Co. to spend their vacation peddling Bibles and reference-shelf books. Last week this longtime seller of books distributed door to door was busy training some of the 8,000 student salesmen and saleswomen who, in the next three months, will become an army of Gospel distributors. They will write up nearly all of Southwestern's \$40 million in annual sales—and for themselves make an astonishingly good buck from the Good Book. A salesman's commissions for the summer will average \$1,700,

though some will hit as high as \$12,000.

Though Southwestern has expanded its line of books to 29 this year, it still depends for more than 40% of sales on a few standard works printed and stored in huge quantities, including a \$13.95 dictionary, 9-lb., padded-cover Bible (sales: 175,000 volumes at \$34.95 each for a book that costs the company about \$12 to produce). Its youthful sales force in effect works half the year rather than merely the three summer months, because each young man or woman logs nearly 80 hours of selling time per week, or twice normal work time. Except for clerks, accountants and warehousemen, no one in the company collects a salary. The executive staff numbers only 59, and everybody pays his own expenses—including his own phone bill. Even the income of President Spencer Hays, 37, who started going door to door for Southwestern after his freshman year at Texas Christian University, is paid in the form of a commission on every book sold. Hays is a multimillionaire.

Salesmen collect about 45% of the price of each book, thus pocketing almost \$16 for every Bible sold. In addition, Southwestern pyramids its commissions to reward the chain of students and executives above the salesman for each sale—and even the students' recruiters, who are often older fellow salesmen. Students who manage to stretch out their academic careers to six or seven years—and build up a big junior marketing force—have earned as much as \$24,000 in one summer through sales and such residual commissions.

First-year drummers must attend, at their own expense, a week-long, 18-hr.-a-day training course in Nashville that is equal parts pregame pep talk and deadly serious sales talk. The recruits, mostly clean-cut kids, memorize their spiel ("Hi, Miz Jones, I'm Joe College, and I'm out here in your neighborhood calling on some of the church people").

They are encouraged to "charge" the front porch of a prospective customer and knock loudly, starting the first call at exactly 7:59 a.m. and spending no more than 20 minutes with any prospect. In training sessions they also spend time shouting, clapping and singing ("Goodbye to no and never, / Goodbye to doubt and fear. It's a good thing to be a bookman / And to be of good cheer"). When answering the phone, President Hays, who seems to be a combination of P.T. Barnum and Norman Vincent Peale, usually says, "Hello. Do you feel healthy? Do you feel happy? Do you feel terrific?"

In 1968, Southwestern was acquired for \$17 million in stock from its previous owners—who were former salesmen—by Los Angeles' Times Mirror Co. Becoming part of a publishing conglomerate has not meant any less freedom for Hays and his youthful band of executives. "We're such an odd company that the new folks just stay away," says Hays. "They can't understand why we won't accept things like the company expense account." The new owners had best not inquire: in each of the past two years, Southwestern's sales have risen by 37%.

## BANKING

## The Gnomes of Araby

Reflecting the deep distrust that Arabs once felt for banks, the Sheikh of Abu Dhabi ten years ago stashed his oil money in the dungeon of his palace, where he could keep an eye on it—even though rats kept nibbling away at his profits. Now the rich gush of oil cash into Abu Dhabi and such other Arab states as Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and Libya has forced a change of attitude. Laden with great wealth, the Arabs are turning into bankers themselves and becoming a major force in world finance.

Heavily supported by their governments' funds, they have formed four major banking consortiums in partnership with powerful and prestigious European, Japanese and American institutions. The consortiums are:

- Union des Banques Arabes et Françaises (or UBAF), formed in Paris in 1970 with more than \$700 million in assets. UBAF is 40% owned by Crédit Lyonnais but controlled by 23 Arab banks. The president is U.S.-educated Mohamed Mahmoud Abu Shadi, former chairman of the National Bank of Egypt. UBAF has subsidiaries in London, Rome, Frankfurt, Luxembourg and Tokyo. Partners of these subsidiaries include several big European banks and The Bank of Tokyo.

- Banque Franco-Arabe d'Investissements Internationaux (or FRAB), started in Paris in 1969 by the Kuwait Investment Co. in partnership with the French Société Générale and the Société de Banque Suisse. It has \$180 million in assets, and its vice president is

# This may be one answer to America's energy crisis.



It's called resource recovery, or saving what is worth saving from your trash and garbage.

There are hundreds of reclamation centers throughout the United States, in areas where there are enough all-aluminum cans in circulation to make them feasible. Also, where solid waste recovery plants are either operating or being planned, the recovery of aluminum is expected to pay much of the cost. Used all-aluminum cans are worth as much as \$200 a ton.

So resource recovery is possible. And the high scrap value of aluminum

makes it practical. And the tremendous savings in energy make it even more practical. Alcoa has the technology to recycle used all-aluminum cans with just 5% of the energy it takes to make them the first time.

There's not another beverage packaging material quite like aluminum. Only aluminum has all these things going for it: it's lightweight, chills quickly, keeps things fresh, opens with a snap, has high scrap value and can be recycled repeatedly.

Alcoa will pay as much as \$200 a ton to any community reclamation center

for all the used aluminum cans they can collect. We'll pay it because aluminum is a very practical packaging material to recycle.

Alcoa is doing something to help stop the energy drain. We would like to tell you more about it.

Write for our free brochure on energy and aluminum. We'll also send you a list of America's aluminum can reclamation centers and information as to how one community established its center. Aluminum Company of America, 818-T Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219.

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Pass it on**

 **ALCOA**



## "IT WAS A LOT OF CAR IN THE BEGINNING AND IT'S A LOT MORE CAR TODAY." (MOTOR TREND)

That's a rave review from a tough critic: Motor Trend. So when their technical editor said our TR6 (below) is even more of a sportscar than the classic TR2 (above)—both winners in national and international competition—we wanted you to know about it.

But aside from talking about the TR6's heritage, they had a lot to say about the car itself. "There is a feeling of almost awesome solidity, as though

the basic car were carved out of a single block of steel." That solid feeling comes from the TR6's taut, low-built chassis with rugged 4-wheel independent suspension. It's a car for precise driving, crafted by engineers who really understand sportscars.

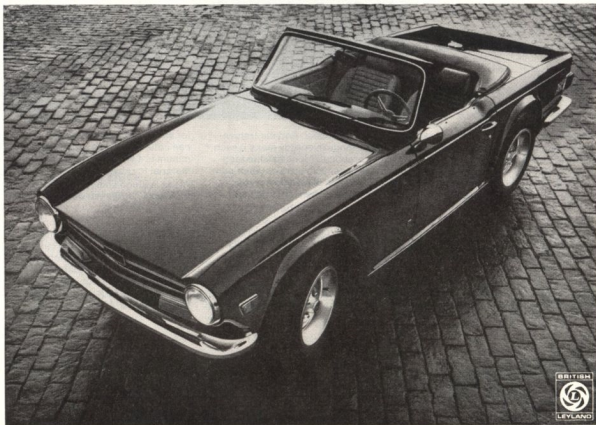
And the magazine's description of it having "long-legged go-forever performance" from its high torque 6-cylinder engine will be agreed by

TR6 drivers anywhere: or by people who have simply driven in one.

Even though we've been improving and evolving the TR series for two decades, it wouldn't be the great sportscar it is today, if it hadn't been great to begin with.

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## BUSINESS

Abdel Aziz El Sagar, former speaker of Kuwait's Parliament.

► The European-Arab Bank, headquartered in Luxembourg and made up of 16 Arab institutions (including FRAB) and seven European banks. Less than a year old, this group has opened subsidiaries in Brussels and Frankfurt and plans branches in Paris and Milan. Its president is Abdel Moneim El-kaissouni, onetime Egyptian Deputy Premier under Nasser.

► La Compagnie Arabe et Internationale d'Investissement, incorporated in Luxembourg in January. Owned by 24 Arab and Western banks, including Bank of America, it opened its first subsidiary in April in Paris. The vice chairman is Philippe Takla, former Foreign Minister of Lebanon.

The Arab bankers stress that their main aim is to channel into long-term investments a growing share of the oil money flooding the Mideast (\$12 billion in 1971, an estimated \$60 billion a year by 1980). Says El-kaissouni, a graduate of the London School of Economics: "This kind of mixed Arab-European bank is a way for the Arabs to have a greater share in the management of their funds and a greater participation in the profits." He also sees the banking partnerships as a triangle involving "the technical financial skills of Europe, the capital of the Arabs and the natural resources of the Arab world and Africa."

Some Western businessmen fear that the Arabs' real purpose is to take over whole foreign industries, especially petroleum refining and marketing. UBAF's Abu Shadi insists that the Arabs plan no wholesale takeovers, but they do intend to buy into Western oil companies. Those who are not reassured might contemplate the fact that the Arabs have a far more dangerous alternative use for their money. They could buy up gold or whatever currency looks strongest at the moment—a practice that has already helped force two international monetary crises. But as it is written in the Koran (*Sûrah IX:34*): "They who hoard up gold and silver and spend it not in the way of Allah, unto them give tidings (O Mohamed) of a painful doom."

## PHOTOGRAPHY

### Berkey Clicks Harder

Among at least three pending antitrust suits filed by competitors against Eastman Kodak Co. is one brought by Berkey Photo, Inc., charging Kodak with "attempts to monopolize"—and all manner of other bad deeds. When it comes to introducing new products, however, Berkey officials apparently think that Rochester's jolly yellow giant knows best. Berkey's Keystone camera division has captured about 15% of the instant-loading market by frankly imitating Kodak's hugely successful In-



**BEN BERKEY WITH POCKET EVERFLASH**  
More than just film.

stamatic. Last week, some 15 months after pocket Instamatics were introduced by Kodak, Berkey unveiled its sincere form of flattery: the Pocket Everflash, which uses pocket-cartridge film and has a built-in, battery-powered flash (prices: \$54.95 to \$89.95, v. \$22.95 to \$137.95 for the Instamatics).

Berkey was founded 40 years ago as a small New York City film developer by Ben Berkey, then a 22-year-old, who used to make pickup and delivery rounds of Manhattan stores on a bicycle. Photofinishing, now on a nationwide basis, still accounts for 37% of Berkey's \$147 million in annual sales, and Founder Ben is still the chief developer—of a lot more than just film. Berkey owns the Willoughby-Peerless chain of camera and hi-fi retail stores in New York and Pennsylvania, distributes the Minox and Konica lines of imported camera products, and since 1966 has owned Keystone. A cautious businessman despite his somewhat raffish appearance, Berkey still rules a day in the 1940s when he had a chance to invest in a new product called Polaroid cameras, "but I told them I wouldn't give them a nickel." Last year, Berkey finally managed to recoup a bit on that mistake: Keystone brought out the only instant camera that has ever been developed by a manufacturer other than Polaroid. Company officials decline to say how well sales of the 60-Second Everflash are doing, except to boast that they are "better than we expected."

## BLACK CAPITALISM

### Rise of Entrepreneurs

In another confirmation of the growing economic strength of the black middle class, *Black Enterprise* magazine published last week its first annual listing of the nation's 100 largest black-owned or operated manufacturing and marketing companies. It shows that

black entrepreneurs have made some significant progress in building profitable businesses, but that they still inhabit only a minor backwater in U.S. industry.

Heading the list is Los Angeles-based Motown Industries, one of three record companies in the top 100. Started in Detroit 14 years ago by Berry Gordy Jr., Motown last year parlayed its soul singers (Diana Ross, the Temptations) into sales of \$40 million. Next is Chicago's Johnson Publishing Co., Inc. (*Ebony*, *Jet*, *Black Stars*), which, with sales of \$23 million, is one of eight publishing firms on the list. The smallest firm is Terry Manufacturing Co. of Roanoke, Ala., which has sales of \$1,000,000 from women's uniforms and sportswear. The list is dominated by light manufacturing companies (18), auto dealers (15), general contractors (9), food processors and distributors (9), and beer and liquor wholesalers (4).

**Historic Obstacles.** In all, 54 of the firms were started in the past five years, a period that coincides with the Nixon Administration's Black Capitalism program. Many of the largest firms, however, neither got nor needed Government aid. Their success, says *Black Enterprise* publisher Earl Graves, is evidence that some historic obstacles to black business ownership "have been overcome, [although] others remain maddeningly as barriers to real opportunity." Only twelve of the firms are in the South; most are in New York City, Chicago, Detroit and California.

Despite their growth, only a handful of the 100 firms (including Chicago's cosmetics-making Johnson Products and Baltimore's sausage-stuffing H.G. Parks, Inc.) have sold stock to the public—the only realistic way for a business to get the capital required for large-scale expansion. Until more black firms can go public, they will remain minor participants in financial life. One index of how far they have to travel: the total sales of all 100 top black businesses (\$473 million) are smaller than the sales of the 268th-ranking company in the FORTUNE 500.

## DIANA ROSS & GORDY



## All About Eve

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST

A Screen Play for  
the Cinema of the Mind

by JOHN COLLIER

144 pages. Knopf. \$6.95. Paperback  
\$2.95.

"It won't exactly be *First Tango in Eden*," John Collier says, conceding that his new script for Milton's *Paradise Lost* will not be as fleshly as most film epics of our day. Collier is sitting in a rented house in London. He is a small, neat, wryly formidable man of 72, not unlike the short, chilly fantasies he writes—and he brightens up a bit as he adds: "I've steered clear of God. He was an incredible sadist. He created hell and that lake of fire—just over a little rebellion."

Since the aim of the blind poet in writing the most ambitious poem in English was to justify God's ways to man, no Milton lover at this point feels much like standing up and shouting, "Milton! Thou should'st be living at this hour." Neither, as it turns out, need any Milton lover be too greatly cast down. History (like Collier) has not been kind to the Fall of Man—a satisfying and perhaps necessary myth which the modern world unwisely tends to dismiss as simple misinformation. For decades Milton's Christian epic has been known for a few slowly majestic peaks, separated by vast stretches of doctrinal desert. In rendering it into precelluloid form, John Collier has left a great deal of highly expendable Milton on the cutting-room floor.

Gone, for example, are those interminable tête-à-têtes about the creation of the world, etc., between God and Jesus, and between God and Adam. Gone too are most of the lofty jawboning sessions with angels who tend to sound like an unfortunate blend of Dean Rusk and Charlton Heston. Collier skips the Creation entirely, as well as the war in heaven (in fact, most of Books III, VI, VII, VIII, X, XI), except for the fall of Satan's defeated forces toward hell. Where it suits his purposes, though, he uses Milton's verse verbatim—and with reverence. Collier has Satan and his minions in the burning lake repeat until all hell rings with their shout of defiance Milton's resounding expression of the power of men (and devils) to triumph over adversity: "The Mind is its own place and in itself can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

Describing the action for future cameramen, Collier creates prose that often matches and sometimes surpasses even Milton's great-ranging visual

imagination. He sees the fall of the rebel angels at cosmic distance, as a golden snowfall that fills the firmament. After Pandemonium (the house of all demons) is created by magic, its central room becomes as black as night, or the inside of Satan's skull, and myriad rows of attendant devils wink like stars. Satan and his dark disciples fly toward the high gate of hell bound for the corruption of mankind. They look, Collier writes, "no bigger than a flight of hornets in the Dome of the Pantheon."

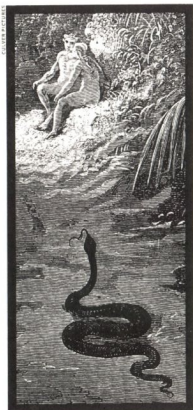
What Milton had that Collier hasn't



JOHN COLLIER



JOHN MILTON



ADAM, EVE & FRIEND?  
On location in hell.

is a sense of sin, and the overwhelming power and beauty of divine order. What Collier has that Milton hadn't is a sense of humor and a delight in the variety of chaos. For Milton the Fall was not merely revealed truth but a towering, tragic parable through which man could imagine how mortality and evil came into the world. Verse after Miltonic verse wrestles with the problem of free will and predestination, and throbs with the poet's knowledge that to survive humanely, men must paradoxically believe they are responsible for their own acts, despite all evidence (including the doctrine of divine providence) to the contrary.

That ingenious paradox Collier is not about to accept. If the Fall is a tragedy, Collier feels, as petulantly as the veriest college sophomore, then God is to blame. He was running the show, wasn't he? Even more fashionably, Collier looks on the Fall of Man as a liberation—from timeless, static perfection into the rich, brothy, changeable world of guilt and death, of love and squalor. "God is crystal," Collier has fairly explained; "Satan is a virus. Crystal imprisons us in perfection. Virus is a source of death, and of all growth."

It has often been said that Milton was of the Devil's party without knowing it. For Collier, however, Satan is nothing less than a charismatic Che Guevara figure. He is so devilishly pleased with Eve's passion for life that he briefly contemplates making her the queen of hell. Milton took a dim view of women (Eve to Adam: "God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.") Collier's Eve is the durable and delicious heroine of the piece. In her innocence she mistakes Sin and Death for Love and Life, but Collier does not doubt her wisdom. She is snubbed by the Archangel Raphael, feels God is unfair to Adam and, wanting a child and the pulsing power of creation, escapes from a passive, vegetarian paradise into the flux of human history.

It may be argued that Collier is cleverly making a heaven of hell. But his film script, published in book form, is a symbiotic work of literary art, fast-paced, clever, well crafted, full of knowledge and delight. Everybody should read it, preferably with Milton as a trot.

The author is full of hopeful notions about how it should be filmed. "I don't think wings are desirable in a jet age," he says judiciously. "The music ought to be electronic, by disciples of Boulez, but with bits of Purcell from the Garden of Eden." He sees Adam clearly as stuffy, blond, Nordic—a Law-and-Order man. Eve, "the nicer part of human nature, not altogether reasonable, but charming," should be played by a dark girl, "perhaps a West Indian

with a beautiful voice." But he grants that actors and voices might be a problem. "Great personages of the British stage," he notes disapprovingly, "speak in accents that are somehow very sterilizing. We need something universal. But you can't have Archangels and Great Princes sounding like filling-station attendants, either."

One can indeed imagine Collier's *Paradise Lost* as a superlick, called *All About Eve II*, or *4360 B.C.*, done in the style of Stanley Kubrick. Collier has spent his 40-year literary career variously in England, the French Riviera and Hollywood. He has long believed that the cinema has not taken full advantage of its potential for fantasy, and he has thought about *Paradise Lost* as a film for years. "Milton was one of the greatest science-fiction and space-travel writers," he explains. "Satan flies through the whole universe, after all." Briskly Collier rejects the claim, made to him by several film producers, that *Paradise Lost* would cost untold millions to do. "I've talked to the lab man," he says. "It's simpler to do 10,000 angels in the air, shouting, than to do the Garden of Eden. There are mosses and corals which can be blown up to a huge scale. They look at once natural and out of this world—because they have organic structure." He pauses, then adds, "I've got pictures of Arizona. One could make hell out of almost any corner of the Grand Canyon with a little mist or smoke."

Would the author of *His Monkey Wife* (1930) and *Fancies and Good-nights* (1951) care to work on the film on location? Clearly he would, but it is easier to return to fantasy. "That would depend on how close to hell they go," he says.

■ Timothy Faote

## Aw, Shoot!

THE TENDER CARNIVORE  
AND THE SACRED GAME

by PAUL SHEPARD

302 pages. Scribners. \$9.95.

Drastic times call for drastic solutions, doubtless. But surely the last thing poor, beleaguered 1973 man expected to be told was to go dig up his old bow and arrow. That, more or less, is the advice of Paul Shepard, lately professor of something called environmental perception at Dartmouth College, and a man variously trained in zoology, ornithology and tropical biology.

Stubbornly, obsessively, Shepard insists that pretty much everything wrong with modern man can be traced back to the day his ancestors stopped hunting. And pretty much everything would be put right again if only he would become a hunter once more. "The male of the species is genetically programmed to pursue, attack, and kill for food," Dr. Shepard blithely explains. "To the extent that men do not do so they are not fully human."

Cranky and ingenious, exasperating

# Time Is Running Out.



A landmark is gone. Once again America will commemorate it with a plaque—which can never begin to recreate the true sense of an older place and another time. Once again indifference and neglect rob us of the beauty of our heritage.

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Yet there's hope in the programs of The National Trust for Historic Preservation. Write James Biddle, President, for membership information.

Photo: Chapman News & Courier



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## QUEEN VICTORIA WOULD HAVE LOVED IT!

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PAUL SHEPARD

Banking heavily on the chase.

and entertaining. *The Tender Carnivore and the Sacred Game* may not quite make it as the gospel of salvation of the season. But it is as hard to put down as a caveman's pet club. Shepard scants no claims for his cure-all. Hunting will end war—because hunters “do not make war.” Hunting will stamp out heart disease; the anxious jogger is only miming the chase. You can bet that the hunter has no trouble with his sex life either. Shepard goes lyrical about the connection between the kill and the orgasm. On the other hand, hunting is a *sine qua non* for the intellectual as well: “To hunt for an idea can never be fully understood—or fully practiced—by those who have not hunted game.”

The villain of Shepard's piece is the farmer. The history of civilization, as he reads it, consists of “ten thousand years of eradication of hunters by farmers.” He does not hesitate to call this “genocide.” Farmers, in his book, are a “fellowship of slaves” leading “the dullest life man has ever lived.”

Far more than technologists, farmers have polluted the earth—by impoverishing the soil, contaminating the water. Worse, they have polluted the soul. They first introduced the corrupting concept of proprietorship into society. They “degraded sexuality” by connecting it to “productivity.” So much for the agrarian idyll.

Are there any other minorities Shepard has not offended in glorifying the hunter? He accuses pet lovers of “neurotic zoophilia,” adding that history's “more fully mature men” have always tended to eat dogs “whenever they can.” Antivivisectionists take note: “Squeamishness about taking creatures apart . . . is a measure of the extent to which parents and society try to isolate themselves and their children from life.” As for vegetarians, they are the victims of “a fantasy of compassion.”

Shepard's back-to-the-tribe ethic

may make young commune dwellers think their generation has an ally. Wrong. Setting up the hierarchy of his field-and-stream utopia, Shepard writes: “The conception of both society and the future would be returned to the hands of elders—of adults—where it belongs.”

It should be clear by now that Shepard is less of a scientist than a poet. He dreams of a future in which cities of no more than 50,000 people are located on continental perimeters. No farms, of course. One meets one's needs with microbial food (yeast plus two tons of petroleum equals one ton of pure protein). The heartland becomes a kind of hunting preserve. From earliest years, children are sent into this wilderness to be truly educated about their nature and their relationship to nature. Reading, at first, is “circumscribed and limited.” Math, chemistry, physics—the abstract sciences—are postponed till almost 20.

Shepard's best points are side effects. No matter how narrow, his case for the relevance of man's past makes history—that neglected tense—seem important once again. And Shepard's argument that there is “no hope of knowing ourselves individually until we know ourselves as a species” may help with our galloping identity crisis. Even the farmers should be grateful for these small favors.

■ Melvin Maddocks

## Sweet Corn

HARVEST HOME

by THOMAS TRYON

401 pages, Knopf, \$7.95.

Tom Tryon is the movie actor (*The Cardinal*) who wrote *The Other*, a best-selling ghost story of a couple of years ago. His new chiller has nothing to do with ghosts. It is about the hideous trouble city folks can get into when they go hunting for a quaint and peaceful house in the country.

The innocents are Ned and Beth Constantine and their twelve-year-old daughter. They are nice, safe people who come into a nice, safe inheritance, which allows Ned to abandon—pfaugh!—the Manhattan advertising dodge and set up as a painter. Since Ned is the sort of painter who celebrates sunsets, covered bridges and barns, the Constantines decide to move to the source of supply. They chance on the tiny, lost village of Cornwall Coombe, a New England hamlet that, except for electricity, martinis and the odd Oldsmobile, seems stuck in the early 19th century. The farmers there avoid newfangled machines and methods, and the rhythmic planting, growth and harvest of the corn crop through the turning seasons rules village life.

Of course there is no New England village ruled by corn, or by any other crop, in the 19th century manner. Agriculture still gets done, but only in a desultory or else a superindustrialized fashion. No matter. It suits Tryon to

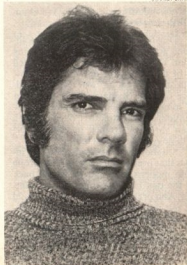
imagine a great green heart beating slowly beneath the earth, with every rootlet and capillary in the village pulsing to it. Where the author goes from there, though obvious enough in synopsis, is dark and intricate in the working out. His language is artfully chosen to match the slowly quickening mood of the narration. He gives Ned and Beth a 19th century primness that undermines the here and now, a teasing contrast to the unsettling suspicions the reader is beginning to entertain.

The strangeness of Cornwall Coombe seems to center on the ritualistic way in which the town's corn is planted and harvested. Every seven years a young farmer is chosen to be Harvest Lord, and he in turn chooses a Corn Maiden to preside with him over these rituals. For the seven years of his reign the Harvest Lord is honored with gifts, free labor, respect. After that, well, it's sheer happenstance, of course, but there doesn't seem to be any former Harvest Lords around, only an extraordinary number of placid widows.

Ned Constantine, foolish male, has apparently never read *The Golden Bough*. He keeps poking into the secrets of Cornwall Coombe until the full moon at harvest time. He is in deeper trouble than he knows. “They call it the Moon of No Repentance around here,” says the local matriarch. “Come harvest, you take what there is—too late for repentance . . . there are some hereabouts who don't take kindly to a man who makes fun at our ways.”

Details of Ned's downfall have no place in a review. They provide superior shivers and inevitably involve placid Mrs. Ranchwagon, Ned's mild suburban wife Beth. The beguiled reader concludes that Author Tryon should indeed turn serious, but there should be no complaint if he offers several more volumes of excellent nonsense before doing so.

■ John Skow



TOM TRYON

*Shivers from The Golden Bough.*



## MODERN LIVING

### In Vino Paupertas

"Never think of leaving perfume or wine to your heir," advised the Roman epigrammatist Martial. "Administer these to yourself, and let him have the money." The flaw in Martial's dictum, if applied today, is that anyone who enjoys the better known wines, particularly French imports, is unlikely to have much cash left for himself or his survivors. Prices have spiraled upwards cruelly and there is no end in sight.

Even the most devoted wine drinker may pale on finding that his favorite 1962 Château Ducru-Beaucaillou, which just a year ago cost \$5.95, is now \$12.75; or that a 1967 Lynch-Bages, which was \$4 in May 1971, is now \$13.75. Traveling from Bordeaux to Burgundy, a 1971 Joseph Drouhin Pouilly-Fuissé, \$4.80 last December, is up to \$6.65. As for German wines: a 1971 Graacher Himmelreich Spätlese, \$6.50 a year ago, is today \$9.89.

Dollar devaluation, European inflation and speculation by large liquor firms are three of the reasons. Another is strict French laws regulating production of the most sought after wines. Demand continues to grow in the U.S., Asia and Europe. Not only are Americans drinking more table wine than ever\* but Japan has had a stunning impact on the market. Tokyo importers sometimes outbid rivals by as much as 50%. In London, Sir Hugh Wontner, chairman of the Savoy Group, predicts that within a few years his hotels will have to charge \$75 for a bottle of Bordeaux. "I think," Sir Hugh says, "that we shall have to take lemonade."

**Costly Complexity.** That switch is too radical for most wine lovers. Depending on one's pocketbook and palate, there are still many good buys to be had, and oenologists are helping laymen to search them out. Michael Aaron, vice president of Manhattan's Sherry-Lehmann Co., one of the largest wine retailers in the U.S., says that the affluent customer who balks at paying \$60 for a 1970 Château Lafite label (it was \$30 a year ago) can go to a quite acceptable Beycheville at "only" \$20.

Even that solution is too costly for the vast majority of Americans who take wine with their meals. Hence the search for wines that are not included in rated growths of Bordeaux, but are good nonetheless. Beaujolais is still a relative bargain, though many people might object to paying \$9, say, for a Fleurie. Wine Merchant Rod Pearson of Brentwood, Calif., suggests an alternative: "A Château Haut Bergé 1967 at \$6 won't be as 'complex' as a Léoville-Poyferré, but the latter does not have three times the complexity at \$18."

Many Americans are discovering the virtues—pungent aroma and mouth-filling fruitiness—of the Loire Valley's reds, such as Chinon and Bourgueil, which can be had for \$2.75-\$3. The big, full-bodied Rhone vintages—Châteauneuf-du-Pape, Hermitage, Côte Rôtie—are \$5.45-\$6 and are good substitutes for Burgundies.

Real bargain hunting requires leaving France altogether. "We have to fight the French," says Wine Critic Roy Andries de Groot. "We have to declare war on them." More and more American stores are recommending hitherto unknown labels such as the Dolcetto and Inferno of northern Italy, which are light years ahead of spaghetti-joint Chianti, but easy on the wallet at \$2.80-\$3. Alexis Bessaloff, who says he tasted more than 2,000 samples for his forthcoming *Guide to Inexpensive Wines*, recommends reds from the Rioja region of Spain. "They have the style of Bordeaux," he says, "perhaps without the finesse." The Riojas, which are made from Garnacha and Graciano grapes, first cousins to the grapes of Bordeaux, sell for between \$2 and \$4.

Australia is exporting reds and whites that sell in the U.S. for only \$2.69

and are skillfully blended for a bright, tangy flavor. One of the hottest items at Morrell & Co., a prominent New York wine merchant, is a 1969 Chilean Cabernet Sauvignon at \$1.99 a bottle. "One customer," reports Manager Cal Green, "bought 50 cases."

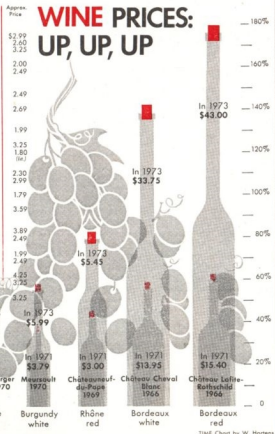
For years, of course, Americans who are unconcerned about foreign label prestige have been using California wines (TIME cover, Nov. 27, 1972). Brands made from the Pinot Chardonnay and the Cabernet Sauvignon grapes have developed distinctive character of their own. California *vin ordinaire* is widely regarded as superior to that of France. Bessaloff points out that a California Sauvignon Blanc is "crisp, dry and clean"; at around \$3, it is also half the price of a Chablis Cru. The California Grenache rosés, made from the grape that produces Tavel, impress some connoisseurs as comparing favorably to foreign pinks. The U.S. versions sell for only \$1.75-\$2.49.

Overall, California prices have remained relatively reasonable, making them increasingly attractive as the prestige imports have grown more costly. But the California solution may prove short-lived; the 1972 grape harvest was the smallest in 30 years because of bad weather. This is expected to translate into a price increase of about 20%. Thus the search for bargains will go on.

#### BEST BUYS TODAY

FRENCH COUNTRY		
Savoie — Roussette de Seyssel		
Blanc de Blancs 1971 (white)		
Loire — Muscadet 1971 (white)		
Burgundy 1969 (red)		
Rhône — Côtes du Rhône Rouge		
1971 (red)		
Alsace — Sylvaner 1971 (white)		
AUSTRALIAN		
Thomas Hardy Cabernet		
Sauvignon 1968 (red)		
Seppelt Arawarra Riesling		
1972 (white)		
CHILEAN		
Cancha y Toro Cabernet		
Sauvignon (red)		
ITALIAN		
Chianti Brallo (red)		
Bianco di Verona (white)		
PORTUGUESE		
Vinho Verde (white)		
Mateus (rosé)		
SPANISH		
Bon-Sol Blanco Verano (white)		
Marqués de Murrieta Rioja		
1966 (red)		
GERMAN		
Blue Nun Liebfraumilch		
1970 (white)		
Bernkasteler Riesling 1971 (white)		
CALIFORNIA		
Almadén Grenache Rosé		
Cresta Blanca Zinfandel (red)		
Wente Brothers Pinot		
Chardonnay (white)		
Beaulieu Sauvignon Blanc (white)		
1966 (white)		
Bully Hill (red)		
In 1973	In 1971	In 1973
\$5.45	\$4.45	\$7.99
In 1971	In 1973	In 1971
\$4.45	\$6.39	\$3.79
In 1973	In 1971	In 1973
\$5.99	\$13.95	\$3.00
In 1971	In 1973	In 1971
\$15.40	\$15.40	\$15.40
Piemonte red	Moselle white	Burgundy white

### WINE PRICES: UP, UP, UP



\*Americans consumed 337 million gallons of wine in 1972, 32 million gallons more than they drank in 1971.

## SHOW BUSINESS

### Watergate Wit

Though the Watergate revelations grow grimmer each week, nightclub audiences these days must be getting the impression that the debacle is the world's funniest subject. Comics across the country are milking Watergate for every plausible or implausible laugh that it is worth. At least a dozen records and albums featuring Watergate humor have already been released, and countless funnymen have built acts around the scandal.

At the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, D.C., satirists Mark Russell and David Frye have packed in crowds of Washingtonians, Republicans and Democrats alike. "CIA now stands for Caught In the Act," Russell tells his audience. Russell also is credited with having originated such often-heard quips as "impeachment with honor," "bail to the Chief," and "Nixon has a staff infection." "In the twelve years I've been at the Shoreham," says Russell, "I've never had anything like the past two months. The audiences love the whole spy thing, like McGovern picked up a grapefruit and heard a dial tone."

Frye, who became famous doing impersonations of Nixon, claims he gets his biggest guffaw when he has Nixon say: "The odds are 100 to 1 that I'll be

impeached, 50 to 1 that I'll resign. That is not the reason that I am today signing a prison-reform bill. There will be a two-bedroom suite for anyone who has once held the highest office." Far from alienating his audiences with Watergate gags, says Frye, "the only danger I've had is not going far enough. If I hold back, the audience is disappointed." Frye has already recorded an album of Watergate humor, in which he mimics the voices of Nixon, George McGovern, Hubert Humphrey, Billy Graham and others. In one sequence, Frye's Nixon visits the Godfather for help. "You want justice?" asks the Godfather. "Not necessarily," replies Nixon.

In Chicago, the Second City revue has a brand-new skit about a newlywed couple honeymooning at the Watergate. "What would you like for lunch?" the bridegroom asks. "A ham sandwich," replies the bride. Instantly a waitress bursts into the room with the ham sandwich. "If you want anything else," she says cheerfully to the dumbfounded couple, "just talk loud."

Two Second City alumni, Jack Burns and Avery Schreiber, have released an album called *The Watergate Comedy Hour* with a blueprint of the infamous building on the back cover. One sketch has Nixon and John Mitchell in secret conversation in a telephone booth. Says Nixon, "I knew nothing about the entire incident, and last year you told me you knew nothing about the entire incident. Now one of us is full of the old crapola. Which one of us do you think it is, John?" "U-h-h-h . . . me?" asks Mitchell quessily. "Attaboy, John," says Nixon.

Comedian Mort Sahl, never slow to satirize, also has an album that he calls *Sing a Song*

of Watergate . . . *Apocryphal of Lie!* ("Richard M. Nixon, born 61 years ago in a log cabin in Whittier, California . . . in a blue suit . . ."). Both New York Disk Jockey Don Imus and Comic Dickie Goodman have recorded mock interviews with Watergate figures, whose answers are couched in snatches of rock hits. Sample from Goodman's *Watergate*: "Mr. Nixon, what will your position be on the Watergate from now on?" "No more Mr. Nice Guy," bawls the voice of Alice Cooper.

WGAR, a Cleveland rock station, promoted a Watergate Weekend, with local disk jockeys supplying musical-answer "interviews." "Senator McGovern, what would you have said if you had known your office was bugged?" "Hello, walls," moaned back Faron Young's record of the same name. WGAR plans another weekend with a giveaway fillip—electronic "buggers," small gadgets for doing in insects.

Non-professionals, too, apparently cannot resist the urge to take playful potshots at Watergate. Six-term Missouri Democratic Congressman William L. Hungate got to tinkering at the piano one day and in 15 minutes plunked out a ditty he calls *Down at the Old Watergate*. Based precariously on the English tune *Down at the Old Bull and Bush*, Hungate's composition was recorded by the Democratic National Committee, and for six weeks anyone calling a certain Washington telephone number could hear:

*Come, come, come and play spy  
with me  
Down at the old Watergate.  
Come, come, come love and lie  
with me  
Down at the old Watergate.\**

Hungate says that some 53,000 persons called the number, some from as far away as California.

The streets, too, have blossomed with a bumper crop of stickers, buttons, posters and one-liners: **FOUR MORE YEARS—AND TWO OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR. FREE THE WATERGATE 500. NIXON BUGS ME.** Even old 1968 campaign buttons reading "Nixon's the One" have been sported for possible misinterpretation. In California, wags predict that a well-known ice-cream company is about to introduce a new flavor called "impeach-mint." Midwesterners say that "even John Wayne has been implicated—they found hoof-prints outside the Watergate."

A lot of Watergate humor is strained, and some of it is aimed below the belly laugh. A few radio stations have refused to air Watergate records, not only because of the cruelty of the material but because of its inanity. But for nightclub comics, no end to the use of Watergate jokes is in sight. In fact, Mark Russell says that the trend has just started. "They're moving past the bit players to the main act now."

\*© Perception Records



DICKER HALLSTED



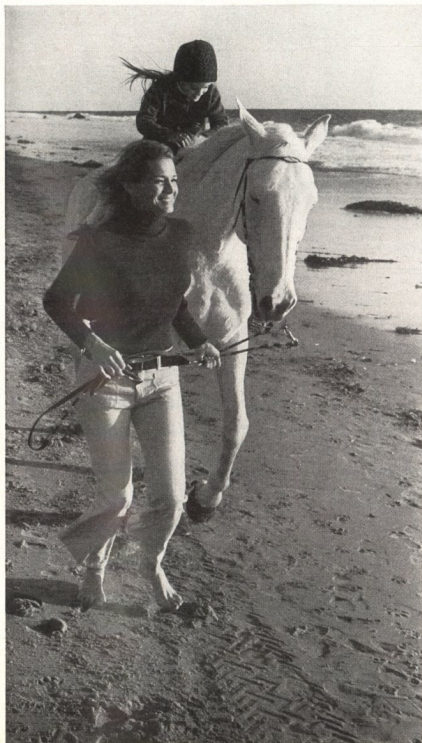
DAVID FRYE AS NIXON

COMEDIAN MARK RUSSELL



DAVID KENNEDY

# If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Angie Dickinson won't brush with anything else?



For some actresses, life is only real when a director calls, "Action." For Angie Dickinson, blessed with family and rich with friends, life is truly meaningful when she's with the people she cares most about.

Caring about people comes naturally to Angie. That's one reason she brushes with Colgate. Clinical test results show Colgate freshens breath as long as a leading mouthwash. And the taste is brisk and clean.

Only your dentist can give teeth a better fluoride treatment than Colgate with MFP. But a great cavity fighter can be a powerful breath freshener, too.

Ask Angie Dickinson. She wouldn't think of brushing with anything else.



**Colgate with MFP...the breath-freshening cavity fighter.**

## THE PRESS

### Critique from London

Has the U.S. press been persecuting Richard Nixon in the Watergate case? A few American commentators say yes (TIME, May 28), but none has had the impact of a foreign critic, the *Times* of London, which recently argued in a long editorial that Nixon was the victim of "a Washington variant of lynch law." Because of the paper's prestige and its objectivity in an American dispute, the *Times's* thoughtful critique has provoked debate over whether the press has become reckless in its pursuit of Watergate villains.

The leader, written by *Times* Editor William Rees-Mogg, gave full credit to the journalists who originally made crucial disclosures. But now, Rees-Mogg contended, the televised Senate hearings, the leak-prone grand jury investigation and the publication of assorted prejudicial statements have pulverized due process. He said, in effect, that Nixon is being convicted in a kangaroo court of public opinion.

**Dubious Sources.** A number of American publications have been giving the issue some thought and space. At least five papers—the Washington *Post* and *Star-News*, Providence *Journal*, Boston *Globe*, and Detroit *News*—have reprinted the *Times* editorial in full. Others have mentioned it. Dean Mills of the Baltimore *Sun's* Washington bureau wrote a lengthy piece about the difficulties of conducting a successful prosecution in an atmosphere of supercharged publicity. In it he quoted Paul C. Reardon, an expert on pretrial publicity, who condemned the circulation of "hearsay on hearsay, statements in which people are being damned two or three removes away."

The *Post*, which Rees-Mogg had singled out for special blame, along with the New York *Times*, replied that U.S. press influence "is as nothing compared with the weight of an American President, capable of commanding all three television networks simultaneously in his own defense." The *Post* also argued that in a similar scandal a British government would fall. "We are not Britain," the *Post* said. "We have a different set of checks and balances, which grant a President a fixed, firm term of office while holding him answerable, every day, to the judgment of the people."

The *Globe* was more pointed: "The American press, unlike the British... does not presume to anoint itself as a censor behind which the American Government may do what it pleases without disclosure and public discussion." New York *Times* Columnist Tom Wicker pointed out that the original Justice Department inquiry was hardly vigorous. Therefore, both Justice and the Senate "need to know that an in-

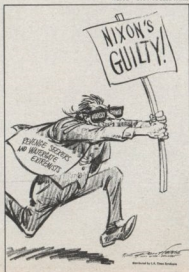


LONDON TIMES EDITOR REES-MOGG  
Matter was a Democrat.

dependent press is holding their feet to the fire." The Milwaukee *Journal*, the Chicago *Sun-Times* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* all argued along a similar vein: that bringing out the full truth must take priority over assuring successful criminal prosecutions.

Rees-Mogg, who arrived in Washington last week for a visit, said in an interview with TIME that he was "pleased" that his editorial had won attention. He acknowledged that he wrote the piece without consulting his Washington bureau, but he did confer with Louis Heren, the *Times* deputy editor who had spent ten years in the U.S., and returned recently to take a look at Watergate. Rees-Mogg, 44, considers

REES—LOS ANGELES TIMES



himself a student of U.S. politics. His American mother was a Democrat—a Broadway actress as well—and he has often visited the U.S. In any event, he said, "the principles of justice are universal."

He agreed that the British and American systems dictate different roles for the press: "We don't have the First Amendment. My answer to the *Post* would be that the American press, because of their privileged position, have a particular duty to be fair to people with whom they disagree." Rather than trying to view the case with "reasonable impartiality," he said, publications like the *Post* and the New York *Times* "are conducting the case for the prosecution." Later, in an appearance before the National Press Club, Rees-Mogg handled interrogation with aplomb. American newsmen, he argued, have been "predominantly hostile" to Nixon throughout his career. If the President falls from power because of "impeachment by the press," he said, "the press must be seen to have been abundantly fair. That duty has not, in my judgment, been discharged." He predicted that the result would be great popular resentment against journalists.

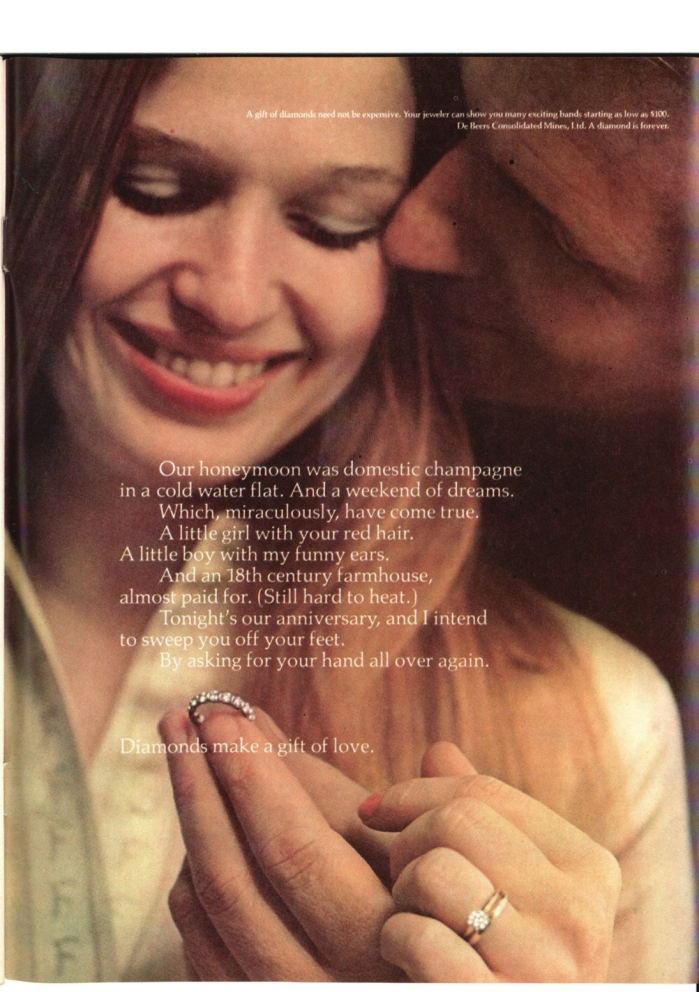
Rees-Mogg got a gracious reception from his audience, though many doubted that he understood the differences between press-government relations in the U.S. and Britain. Another crucial point that he seems to overlook is that Watergate is far more than a criminal proceeding involving some burglars and their employers. It is a test of the American system's ability to right itself from an extraordinary blow. Though the press is fallible and hardly free from excess, it is making the only contribution it can: the fullest possible disclosure of shocking facts that were secret too long.

### Non-Service by CBS

Just seven days after CBS announced that it would no longer practice "instant analysis" on presidential TV speeches (TIME, June 18), the new policy had its first competitive test last week. On NBC, John Chancellor gave a summary and some mild commentary on Richard Nixon's address on the economy, as did Frank Reynolds and Tom Jarriel on ABC. The Public Broadcasting Service let Correspondent Robert MacNeil discuss the message with two experts.

All had advance access to Nixon's text and to a White House background briefing by Treasury Secretary Charles Shultz, who put the price freeze in perspective by comparing it to "shock treatment." Those who watched the President on CBS were spared such explication. The network went straight back to Sonny and Cher. Instant analysis annoys the White House when correspondents challenge presidential dicta. In this case, however, CBS simply ignored the Administration's own background information—a service to neither the President nor the public.





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